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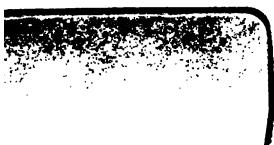
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THE
DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.
A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH," "THE BACKWOODSMAN,"
"JOHN BULL IN AMERICA," &c. &c.

"Somewhere about the time of the 'old French war.'"

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II. ✓

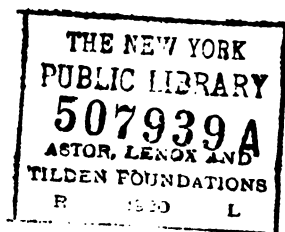
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THE
DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

CHAPTER I.

A long Voyage !

Much has been sung and written of the charms of the glorious Hudson—its smiling villages, its noble cities, its magnificent banks, and its majestic waters. The inimitable Knickerbocker, the graphic Cooper, and a thousand less celebrated writers and tourists have delighted to luxuriate in descriptions of its rich fields, its flowery meadows, whispering groves, and cloud-capped mountains, until its name is become synonymous with all the beautiful and sublime of nature. Associated as are these beauties with our earliest recollections, and nearest, dearest friends—entwined as they inseparably are with memorials of the past, anticipations of the future, we too would offer our humble tribute. But the theme has been exhausted by hands that snatched the pencil from nature herself, and nothing is left for us but to repress the feelings of our swelling hearts by silent musings.

Catalina, accompanied by her father, embarked on board of the good sloop *Watervliet*, whereof was commander Captain Baltus Van Slingerland, a most

experienced, deliberative, and circumspective skipper. This vessel was noted for making quick passages, wherein she excelled the much-vaunted Liverpool packets; seldom being more than three weeks in going from Albany to New-York, unless when she chanced to run on the flats, for which, like her worthy owners, she seemed to have an instinctive preference. Captain Baltus was a navigator of great sagacity, and courage, having been the first man that ever undertook the dangerous voyage between the two cities without asking the prayers of the church and making his will. Moreover, he was so cautious in all his proceedings that he took nothing for granted, and would never be convinced that his vessel was near a shoal or a sandbank until she was high and dry aground. When properly certified by ocular demonstration, he became perfectly satisfied, and sat himself to smoking his pipe till it pleased the waters to rise and float him off again. His patience under an accident of this kind was exemplary; his pipe was his consolation—more effectual than all the precepts of philosophy.

It was a fine autumnal morning, calm, still, clear, and beautiful. The forests, as they nodded or slept quietly on the borders of the pure river, reflected upon its bosom a varied carpet, adorned with all the colours of the rainbow. The bright yellow poplar, the still brighter scarlet maple, the dark-brown oak, and the yet more sombre evergreen pine and hemlock, together with a thousand various trees and shrubs, of a thousand varied tints and shades, all mingled together in one rich, inexpressibly rich garment, with which nature seemed desirous of hiding her faded beauties and approaching decay. The vessel glided slowly with the current, now and then

assisted by a little breeze that for a moment rippled the surface and filled the sails, and then died away again. In this manner they approached the Overslaugh, a place infamous in all past time for its narrow crooked channel, and the sandbanks with which it is infested. The vigilant Van Slingerland, to be prepared for all contingencies, replenished his pipe and inserted it in the button-holes of his Dutch pea-jacket, to be ready on an emergency.

"Boss," said the ebony Palinarus, who presided over the destinies of the good sloop Watervliet—"boss, don't you tink I'd better put about; I tink we're close to the Overslaugh now."

Captain Baltus very leisurely walked to the bow of the vessel, and after looking about a little, replied, "A leetle furdur, a leetle furdur, Brom; no occasion to be in such a hurry before you are sure of a ting."

Brom kept on his course grumbling a little in an under-tone, until the sloop came to a sudden stop. The captain then bestirred himself to let go the anchor.

"No fear, boss, she won't run away."

"Very well," quoth Captain Baltus, "I'm satisfied now, perfectly satisfied. We are certainly on de Overslaugh."

"As clear as mud," answered Brom. The captain then proceeded to light his pipe, and Brom followed his example. Every quarter of an hour a sloop would glide past in perfect safety, warned of the precise situation of the bar by the position of the Watervliet, and adding to the vexation of our travellers at being thus left behind. But Captain Baltus smoked away, now and then ejaculating, "Ay, ay, the more hashte de lesch shpeed; we shall see py-and-py."

As the tide ebbed away, the vessel, which had grounded on the extremity of the sandbank, gradually heeled on one side, until it was difficult to keep the deck, and Colonel Vancour suggested the propriety of going on shore until she righted again.

"Why, where's de use den," replied Captain Baltus, "of taking all dis trouble, boss? We shall be off in two or tree days at most. It will be full-moon, day after to-morrow."

"Two or three days!" exclaimed the colonel. "If I thought so, I would go home and wait for you."

"Why, where's de use den of taking so much trouble, colonel? You'd only have to come pack again."

"But why don't you lighten your vessel, or carry out an anchor? She seems just on the edge of the bank, almost ready to slide into the deep water."

"Why, where's de use of taking so much trouble den? She'll get off herself one of dese days, colonel. You are well off here; notting to do, and de young woman dere can knit you a pair of stockings to pass de time."

"But she can't knit stockings," said the colonel, smiling.

"Not knit stockings! By main soul den what is she good for? Den she must smoke a pipe; dat is the next best way of passing de time."

"But she don't smoke either, captain."

"Not smoke, nor knit stockings! Christus, where was she brought up den? I wouldn't have her for my wife if she had a whole sloop for her fortune. I don't know what she can do to pass de time till next full-moon, but go to sleep; dat is de next best ting to knitting and smoking."

Catalina was amused at Captain Baltus's enumeration of the sum-total of her resources for passing the time. Fortunately, however, the next rising of the tide floated them off, and the vessel proceeded gallantly on her way, with a fine north-west breeze, which carried her on almost with the speed of a steamboat. In the course of a few miles they overtook and passed several sloops, that had left the Watervliet aground on the Overslaugh. "You see, colonel," said Captain Baltus, complacently,—“you see—where's de use of being in a hurry den? Dey have been at anchor, and we have been on a sandbank. What's de difference den, colonel?”

“But it is easier to get up an anchor, captain, than to get off a sandbank.”

“Well, suppose it is; if a man is not in a hurry, what den?” replied honest Captain Baltus.

At the period of which we are writing, a large portion of the banks of the river, now gemmed with white villages and delightful retreats, was still in a state of nature. The little settlements were “few and far between,” and some scattered Indians yet lingered in those abodes which were soon to pass away from them and their posterity for ever. The river alone was in the entire occupation of the white man; the shores were still, in many places, inhabited by little remnants of the Indian tribes. But they were not the savages of the free wild woods; they had in some degree lost their habits of war and hunting, and seldom committed hostilities upon the whites, from an instinctive perception that they were now at their mercy.

Still, though the banks of the river were for the most part wild, they were not the less grand and beautiful; and Catalina, as she sat on the deck in

the evening, when the landscape, tinselled with twilight, presented one long perspective of lonely grandeur and majestic repose, could not resist its holy influence. On the evening of the sixth day the vessel was becalmed in the centre of the Highlands, just opposite where West Point now rears its gray stone seminaries, consecrated to science, to patriotism, and glory. It was then a solitary rock, where the eagle made his abode, and from which a lonely Indian sometimes looked down on the vessels gliding past far below, and cursed them as the usurpers of his ancient domain.

The tide ran neither up nor down the river, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The dusky pilot proposed to Captain Baltus to let go the anchor, but the captain saw "no use in being in such a hurry." So the vessel lay still, as a sleeping halcyon upon the unmoving mirror of the waters. Baltus drew forth his trusty pipe, and the negro pilot selected a soft plank on the forecastle, on which he, in a few minutes, found that blessed repose which is the golden prize of labour, and a thousand times outweighs the suicide luxuries of the lazy, sleepless glutton, whose repose is the struggle, not the relaxation of nature; the conflict of life and death. If he sleeps, it is in a chaos of half-real, half-imaginary horrors, from whence he awakes to a miserable languor, only to be relieved for a little while by stuffing and stimulating the man-beast, and preparing him for another nightly struggle with his dinner and his bottle.

As the golden sun sunk behind the high mountains of the west, that other lesser glory of the heavens rose in full, round, silver radiance from out the fleecy foliage of the forest which crowned them on

the east bank of the river. The vessel seemed embosomed in a little world of its own, with nothing visible but the sparkling basin of water, the waving mountains, one side all gloom, the other shining bright, and the blue heavens sparkling with ten thousand ever-during glories over head. Catalina wrapped herself in her cloak, and sat on the quarter-deck alone and abstracted, conscious of the scene and its enchantments only as they awakened those mysterious associations of thought and of feeling that establish the indissoluble union between the Creator and his works, the soul of man and the universal soul, which is nothing else but Omnipotence itself. Imagination, and memory, and hope mingled in her bosom, alternately the sphere of heavenly aspirations and gentle worldly wishes, such as pure virgins who have given away their hearts may entertain without soiling the white ermine of their innocent affections. Gradually her thoughts concentrated themselves upon Sybrandt Westbrook; she recalled to mind those past incidents of her life which seemed intended by heaven to entwine their hearts in one indissoluble being, and gradually worked herself up to the conviction, that they neither would nor could be separated. A flood of tenderness, hallowed by this infusion of a holy and mysterious sanction, rushed into her soul; she wished he were present at this apotheosis of all that was beautiful in nature, all that was tender in a woman's heart, that she might recline in his circling arms, lay her head on his bosom, pour out her overflowing floods of tenderness in his ear, and exchange her love for his, in one long kiss of melting rapture.

At this moment a wild shrill shriek or howl broke

from the shore, echoed among the silent recesses of the mountains, and roused Catalina from her delicious reverie. In about a minute it was repeated—and a third time, after a similar interval.

"Dat is de old woman," said Captain Baltus, who was sitting on the hatchway, smoking his pipe, something between sleeping and waking.

"What old woman?" asked Catalina.

"Why, de old Indian woman, what keeps about de rock just ashore—dere—don't you see it close under dat pine-tree dere?"

"What Indian woman? and what does she do there shrieking?" said the young lady.

"What! did you never hear dat story? and don't you know it's no old woman after all—but a ghost?"

"A ghost!"

"Ay—yes—a spook. I saw it one night when I got ashore on de flats just above de rock; and you may depend I was in a great hurry den for once in my life, I can tell you. It looked like de very old Duyvel, standing on de rock, and whetting a great jack-knife, as dey say."

"Who say?" asked Catalina.

"Why, my fader and grandfader—who are both dead, for dat matter; but dey told me de story before dey died. We shall have sixteen rainy Sundays, one after de oder, and den it will clear up wid a great snowstorm."

"Yes?"

"Yes; as sure as you sit dere. It always happens after dat old woman shows herself, and screams so, like de very Duyvel."

"Do you know the story?" asked Colonel Vancour, whose attention had been arrested by the conversation.

"Know it! why, to be sure I do, colonel. I have heard it a hundred times from my fader and grand-fader. He was de first man dat sailed in a sloop all de way from Albany to New-York."

"We can't have higher authority. Come, captain—I see your pipe is just filled—tell us the story, and then I will go to sleep."

The worthy skipper said he was no great hand at telling a story; but he would try, if they would promise not to hurry him; and accordingly began:

"Once dere was an old woman—duyvel! dere she is again!" exclaimed Baltus, as a long quaver echoed from the shore.

"Well—well—never mind her; go on."

"Once dere was an old woman—" Here another quaver, apparently from the mast-head, stopped Baltus again, and made Catalina start.

"Duyvel!" cried Baltus; "but if I don't pelieve she is coming apoard of us!"

"Well—never mind," said the colonel again; "she wants to hear whether you do her full justice, I suppose. Go on, captain."

"Once dere was an old woman," he began, almost in a whisper; when he was again interrupted by the black pilot, who came aft with a light, and asked Baltus whether it would not be better to haul down the sails, as he saw some appearance of wind towards the north-east, where the clouds had now obscured the moon entirely. "Don't be in such a hurry, Brom," quoth the skipper; "time enough when de wind comes."

"Once dere was an old woman—" At that moment Brom's light was suddenly extinguished, and Baltus received a blow in the face that laid him sprawling on the quarter-deck, at the same instant

that a tremendous scream broke forth from some invisible being that seemed close at their ears. Baltus roared manfully, and Catalina was not a little frightened at these incomprehensible manœuvres of the old woman. The colonel, however, insisted he should go on—bidding him get up and tell his story.

"Once dere was an old woman—" But the legend of honest Baltus, like Corporal Trim's story of "a certain king of Bohemia," seemed destined never to get beyond the first sentence. He was again interrupted by a strange mysterious scratching and fluttering, accompanied by a mighty cackling and confusion, in the chicken-coop, which the provident captain had stored with poultry for the benefit of the colonel and his daughter.

"Duyvel! what's dat?" cried Captain Baltus, in great consternation.

"O, it's only the old woman robbing your hen-roost," replied the colonel.

"Den I must look to it," said Baltus, and mustering the courage of desperation, went to see what was the matter. In a few moments he returned, bringing with him a large owl, which had, from some freak or other, or perhaps attracted by the charms of Baltus's poultry, first lighted on the mast, and then, either seduced or confused by Brom's light, darted from thence into the capacious platter-face of the worthy skipper, as before stated.

"Here is de duyvel!" exclaimed Baltus.

"And the old woman," said the colonel, laughing, "But come, captain, the more I see the more anxious I am to hear the rest of the story."

"Once dere was an old woman—" a hollow murmur among the mountains again suddenly interrupted

him. "There is the old woman again," said the colonel. "'Tis de old duyvel!" said Baltus, starting up and calling all hands to let go the halyards. But before this could be accomplished, one of those sudden squalls, so common in the highlands in autumn, struck the vessel and threw her almost on her beam ends. The violence of the motion carried Colonel Vancour and Catalina with it, and had they not been arrested by the railings of the quarter-deck, they must inevitably have gone overboard. The *Watervliet* was, however, an honest Dutch vessel, of a most convenient breadth of beam, and it was no easy matter to capsize her entirely. For a minute or two she lay quivering and struggling with the violence of the squall that roared among the mountains and whistled through the shrouds, until, acquiring a little headway, she slowly luffed up in the wind, righted, and flapped her sails in defiance. The next minute all was calm again. The cloud passed over, the moon shone bright, and the waters slept as if they had never been disturbed. Whereupon Captain Baltus, like a prudent skipper as he was, ordered all sail to be lowered, and the anchor to be let go, sagely observing, "it was high time to look out for squalls."

"Such an accident at sea would have been rather serious," observed the colonel.

"I don't know what you tink, colonel," said Baltus, "but, in my opinion, it don't make much odds wedder a man is drowned in de sea or in a river." The colonel could not well gainsay this, and soon after retired with his daughter to the cabin.

Bright and early the next morning, Captain Baltus, having looked round in every direction, east, west, north, and south, to see if there were any

squalls brewing, and perceiving not a cloud in the sky, cautiously ordered half the jib and mainsail to be hoisted, to catch the little land-breeze that just rippled the surface of the river. In a few hours they emerged from the pass at the foot of the great Dunderbarrack, and slowly opened upon that beautiful amphitheatre into which nature has thrown all her treasures and all her beauties. Nothing material occurred worthy the dignity of our story to record during the rest of the passage. True it is that Skipper Baltus ran the good sloop *Watervliet* two or three times upon the oyster-banks of the since renowned Tappan Bay; but this was so common a circumstance that it scarcely deserved commemoration, nor would I have recorded it here but for the apprehension that its omission might at some future period, peradventure, seduce some industrious scribe to write an entire new history of these adventures, solely to rescue such an important matter from oblivion. Suffice it to say, that at the expiration of ten days from leaving Albany, the good sloop *Watervliet* arrived safe at Coenties-slip, where all the Albany sloops congregated at that time. This extraordinary passage was much talked of in both cities, and finally found its way into the weekly *News-Letter*, then the only paper published in the whole new world, as may be seen by a copy now, or late, in the possession of the worthy Mr. Dustan, of the Narrows. It is further recorded, that some of the vessels which passed the *Watervliet* as she lay aground on the *Overslaugh*, did not arrive in nearly a fortnight after her; owing, as Captain Baltus observed, "to der being in such a hurry." After this famous exploit the *Watervliet* had always a full freight, and as many passengers as she could accommodate; so that, in

good time, this adventurous navigator retired from following the water, and built himself a fine brick house, with the gable end to the street, and the edges of the roof projecting like the teeth of a saw, where he sat on his *stoop* and smoked his pipe time out of mind.

CHAPTER II.

Which may be skipped over by the gentle Reader, as it contains not a single bloody adventure.

CATALINA was received with a welcome kindness by Mrs. Aubineau, the lady with whom she had been invited to spend the winter, and who appeared struck with the improvement of her person since she left boarding-school two or three years before. Our heroine was glad to see Mrs. Aubineau again, having a vivid recollection of her pleasing manners and matronly kindness.

The husband of this lady was a son of one of the Huguenots driven by the bigotry or policy of Louis the Fourteenth to this land of liberty—liberty of action, liberty of speech, and liberty of conscience. These emigrants constituted a portion of the best educated, most enlightened, polite, and wealthy of the early inhabitants of New-York. They laid the foundation of families which still exist in good reputation, and from some of them have descended men who are for ever associated with the history of our country. The father of Mr. Aubineau had occupied a dignified situation under the Dutch government while it held possession of New-York ; but lost it when the province was assigned to the Duke of York, whose hungry retainers were portioned off in the new world, there not being loaves and fishes enough in the old to satisfy them all. Both father and son cherished

some little resentment on this occasion ; and when a legislative body was established, one or other being generally a member, they never failed to be found voting and acting with the popular side, in opposition to the governor. They joined the old Dutch party in all their measures, which were generally favourable to the rights of the colony, and attained to great consideration and respect among them.

Notwithstanding his politics, Mr. Aubineau the younger married a handsome English woman ; not a descendant merely of English parents, but a real native, born and educated in London. Her father came over with an appointment, being a younger brother, with a younger brother's portion, which generally consists in the family influence employed on all occasions in quartering the young branches upon the public. The great use of colonies is to provide for younger brothers. What this appointment was I do not recollect ; but whatever it was it enabled Mr. Majoribanks to live in style, and carry his head high above the unlucky beings who furnished the means, and whose destiny it had been to be born on the wrong side of the Atlantic Ocean, where it is well known every thing, from men down to dandies, degenerates. To be born at *home*, as the phrase then was, operated as a sort of patent of nobility, and desperate was the ambition of the rich young citizens, and still more desperate that of the city heiresses and their mothers, to unite their fate and fortunes with a real genuine exotic. Many a soldier of fortune, "who spent half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day," was thus provided for ; and not a few female adventurers gained excellent establishments, over which they were noted for exercising absolute dominion. For a provincial husband to

contradict a wife from the mother country was held equivalent to the enormity of a provincial legislature refusing its assent to a rescript of his majesty's puissant governor. It smacked of flat rebellion.

Mr. Aubineau was, however, tolerably fortunate in his choice. His wife always contradicted him aside when in public, and issued her commands in a whisper. She never got angry with him, and only laughed and took her own way whenever he found fault; or, what was still more discreet, took no notice of his ill-humour, and did just as she pleased. She was fond of gayety, dress, and equipage, and particularly fond of flirting with the officers attached to the governor's family and establishment. These gentlemen, having nothing to do, and no inclination to marry, except they were well paid for it, naturally selected the married ladies as objects for their devoirs; very properly concluding, that whatever might be the case with the ladies, there could be no breach of promise of marriage on their part, and, consequently, no dishonour in being as particular as the lady pleased. As to the provincial husbands, they were out of the question.

Among the most prominent of the foibles of Mrs. Aubineau was an idea at that time very prevalent among both English and American women. This was an undisguised and confirmed conviction, that the whole universe was a nest of barbarians, compared with old England, and that there was as much moral and physical difference between being born there and here, as there was space between the two countries. Though not much of the blue-stocking, that sisterhood not having made its appearance as a distinct class in those days, like all good English folks, she could ring the changes on Shakspeare and Milton,

and Bacon and Locke ; those four great names on which English poetry, philosophy, and metaphysics seem entirely to depend for their renown ; and which form a standard to which every blockhead more or less assimilates his mind, as if the reflected rays of their glory had illuminated in some degree the midnight darkness of his own intellect. This truly John Bull notion she considered so settled and established beyond all reasonable question, that she always spoke of it with an amusing simplicity, arising from a perfect confidence in an undisputed point, upon which all mankind, except her husband, agreed with as much unanimity as that the sun shone in a clear day. In regard to the solitary exception aforesaid, Mrs. Aubineau settled that in her mind, by referring it to that undefinable matrimonial sympathy which impels so many men to agree with every other woman when she is wrong, and oppose their wives whenever they are right. The connexion between this lady and our heroine originated in a marriage between the elder Aubineau and a sister Colonel Vancour. Into the hands of Mrs. Aubineau the colonel consigned his daughter for the winter, at the same time communicating her engagement with Sybrandt Westbrook, at which she laughed not a little in her sleeve. She had already a plan in her head for establishing her rich and beautiful guest in a far more splendid sphere, as she was pleased to imagine. At the end of eight or ten days Colonel Vancour took his departure for home in the good sloop *Watervliet*, which had made vast despatch in unlading and lading, on account of the lateness of the season.

Catalina was connected in different ways with almost all the really respectable and wealthy inhab-

itants of New-York and its vicinity ; such as, the Philipses, the Stuyvesants, the Van Courtlandts, the Beekmans, Bayards, Delanceys, Gouverneurs, Van Hornes, Rapalyes, Rutgers, Waltons, and a score of others too tedious to enumerate. Of course she could be in no want of visitors or invitations, and there was every prospect of a gay winter. But all these good folks were only secondary in the estimation of Mrs. Aubineau, when compared with—not his majesty's governor and his family, for they were out of the sphere of mortal comparison—but with the families of his majesty's chief justice, his majesty's attorney and solicitor-generals, his majesty's collector of the customs, and, indeed, with the families of any of his majesty's petty officers, however insignificant. These formed the focus of high life in the ancient city of New-York, and nothing upon the face of the earth was more ridiculous in the eyes of a discreet observer than the pretensions of this little knot of dependants over the truly dignified independence of the great body of the wealthy inhabitants, except, perhaps, the docility with which these latter submitted to the petty usurpation.

CHAPTER III.

A Knight and an Honourable. The Reader is desired to make his best bow.

THE morning after Catalina's arrival she received the visits of several officers, two of whom had the honour of being aids to his excellency the governor and commander-in-chief. They therefore merit a particular introduction. "Gentle Reader, this is Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton; and this is the Honourable Barry Gilfillan, of an ancient and noble Irish family, somewhat poor, but very honest, having suffered divers forfeitures for its loyalty to the Stuarts,—that stupid, worthless race, whose persevering pretensions to a crown they had justly forfeited by their tyranny, drew after them the ruin of thousands of generous and devoted victims. Sir Thicknesse and Colonel Gilfillan, this is the gentle Reader, a beautiful, accomplished lady of great taste, as all our female readers are, thank Heaven!"

Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton was what is now generally designated a "real John Bull," a being combining more of the genuine elements of the ridiculous than perhaps any other extant. Stiff as buckram, and awkward as an ill-contrived automaton; silent, stupid, and ill-mannered, yet at the same time full of pretensions to a certain deference, due only from others in exchange for courtesy and good-breeding. Ignorant of his own country from inca-

capacity to learn, and of the rest of the world from a certain contemptuous stupidity, he exalted the one and contemned the other without knowing exactly why, except that—that it certainly was so, and there was an end of the matter. His bow was both an outrage upon nature and inclination, except when he bent to the lady of the governor, or the governor himself; and his dancing the essence of solemn stupidity, aiming at a dignified nonchalance. Nothing called forth his lofty indignation more than being spoken to by an inferior in rank, dress, or station. This indignation was manifested by a most laughable jumble of insurmountable clumsiness with affected dignity and high aristocratic breeding. There was nothing he so much valued himself upon as the air noble. Independently of the outrage upon his personal, hereditary, and official dignity manifested by an abrupt address from an inferior, Sir Thicknesse had another special cause for disliking to be spoken to by strangers. The fact is he was so long in collecting the materials of an answer to the most common observation, that he seldom forgave a person for putting him to the trouble. He had a most rare and, at that time, original style of making the agreeable, which is now however pretty general among high-bred persons. He placed himself directly opposite the lady, straddling like a gigantic pair of brass tongs, to collect his ideas into one great explosion—such, for instance, as “Don’t you find it rather warm, *Mawm?*” Perfectly satisfied with this mighty effort, the knight would strut off in triumph, to repose himself for the rest of the evening under the shade of his laurels. Added to this he was a grumbling, ill-tempered, dissatisfied being, full of pretensions on the score of his personal

accomplishments and the interest of his family. There is nothing in fact so dignified in the eyes of "a real John Bull" as possessing a family influence, which renders personal merit and services quite superfluous.

With regard to the person of Sir Thicknesse, it was admirably contrived to set off his exemplary awkwardness to the best advantage. It was a perfect caricature of dignified clumsiness. His limbs struck you as being too large for his body, until you studied the latter, when it seemed perfectly clear that the body was too large for the limbs. Taken by itself, every feature of his face was out of proportion; but examine them in connexion as a whole, and there was an harmonious combination of unfinished magnitude, that constituted a true and just proportion of disproportions. His eyes sent forth a leaden lustre; his nose was equally compounded of the pug and the bottle; his lips would have been too large for his mouth, had not his mouth been large enough to harmonize with them; and his cheeks expanded into sufficient amplitude to accommodate the rest of his face without any of the features being crowded two in a room, which every body knows is the abomination of every "real John Bull" in existence. Sir Thicknesse was of an ancient and honourable family, distinguished in the annals of England. One of his ancestors had committed an assassination in the very precincts of the court, and being obliged to fly in the disguise of a peasant, in order the more effectually to escape detection, was overtaken by the king's pursuivant, sawing wood with one of his companions in a forest. His attendant faltering on the appearance of the pursuivant, for a moment stopped sawing, when the other exclaimed significantly, "Thorough"

—or “Through”—tradition is doubtful which. The attendant took the hint, continued his work, and the pursuivant passed them without detection. In memory of this great exploit, the illustrious fugitive from justice adopted this phrase as the motto of his coat of arms; and it descended to his posterity. Another of his illustrious ancestors was distinguished in the wars of York and Lancaster for his inflexible loyalty, being always a most stanch supporter of the king *de facto*, and holding kings *de jure* in great contempt. A third, and the greatest of all the family of Sir Thicknesse, was an illegitimate descendant of a theatrical strumpet and a scoundrel king, who demonstrated the force of blood by afterward marrying an actress of precisely the same stamp as her from whom he sprung. No wonder Sir Thicknesse was proud of his family.

But great as his progenitors were, they could not hold a candle to those of Colonel Barry Fitzgerald Macartney Gilfillan, a genuine Milesian, whose ancestors had been kings of Connaught, princes of Breffny, and lords of Ballyshannon, Ballynamora, Ballynahinch, Ballygruddrey, Ballyknockamora, and several lordships besides. Gilfillan was an Irish Bull, a perfect contrast to an English Bull. He was all life, love, gallantry, whim, wit, humour, and hyperbole. His animal spirits were to him as the wings of a bird, on which he mounted into the regions of imagination and folly. They flew away with him ten times an hour. He learned every thing so fast that he knew nothing perfectly; and such was the impetuosity of his conceptions, that one-half the time they came forth wrong end foremost. His ignorance of a subject never for a moment prevented him from dashing right into it, or stopped the torrent of his

ideas, which resembled a stream swelled by the rains, being excessively noisy and not very clear. His ideas, in truth, seemed always turning somersets over the heads of each other, and for the most part presented that precise rhetorical arrangement which is indicated by the phrase of "putting the cart before the horse." He never pleaded guilty to ignorance of any thing, nor was ever known to stop a moment to get hold of the right end of an idea,—maintaining with a humorous obstinacy, that as he always came to the right end at last, it was of no consequence where he began.

Nature had given to Colonel Gilfillan a more than usual share of the truly Irish propensity to falling in love extempore. His heart was quite as hot as his head, and between the two there was a perfect volcano. He was always under high steam pressure. He once acknowledged, or rather boasted—for he never confessed any thing—that he had fallen in love at the Curragh of Kildare with six ladies in one day, and was refused by them all in less than twenty-four hours afterward. "But, faith!" added he, "I killed two horses riding about the country after them; and that was some comfort." "Comfort!" said a friend, "how do you make that out, Gilfillan?" "Why, wasn't it a proof I didn't stand shilly-shally, waiting my own consent any more than that of the ladies, my dear!" It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was generous, uncalculating, brave, and a man of his word, except in love affairs, and sometimes in affairs of business, when he occasionally lost at play the money he had promised to a tradesman. His person exhibited a rich redundancy of manly beauty, luscious with youth, health, and vigour; he sang charmingly; played the fiddle so as to bring tears into your eyes;

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danced, laughed, chatted, blundered, gallanted, flattered, and made love with a graceful confidence and fearless audacity, that caused him to be a great favourite and rather a dangerous companion for women of warm imaginations and mere ordinary refinement of manners and feelings. Like most men of his profession, his ideas on certain subjects were of the latitudinarian order. Gilfillan swore he was a man of as much honour as ever wore a uniform. He would not pick a pocket; but as for picking a lady's white bosom of a sweet little heart—let him alone for that. A fair exchange was no robbery all the world over; and he always left his own with them, if there were twenty. When his brother officers laughed at him for having so many hearts, "Och, my dears!" would he reply, "what, do you talk about having but one heart? A man with only one heart in his bosom is like a poor divil with only a shilling in his pocket—he is afraid to part with it, and so starves himself just for fear of starving!"

CHAPTER IV.

A reigning Belle.

THIS combustible gentleman fell in love with Catalina at first sight—and never man had a better excuse; for she was now in the ripe prime of womanhood, and lovely as the happiest creations of painting and poetry. Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her nose, her forehead, and her chin were all cast in the happy mould of symmetry; and the combination produced an expression of sensibility, intellect, and virtue, that struck every one at first sight. Her fair white neck, her harmonious, graceful shoulders, the confines of that region on which the eye and the imagination delight to linger as the chosen spot where grace and beauty revel as on a bed of snow; the little finished telltale foot, and the graceful lines that gave the outline of her touching, full, round figure, all and each of them bore silent testimony to the perfection of the hidden glories of the inner temple, sacred to one alone.

That Colonel Gilfillan should fall headlong in love at the first sight of such an object, was just as natural, not to say inevitable, as the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder on the application of a firebrand. I will not affirm there was a spark of interest mingled with his fires, but it may be safely laid down as a maxim founded in human nature, that the most dis-

interested lover has no very great objection to his mistress possessing a competent estate. Gilfillan made downright love to Catalina the tenth time he saw her; and at the eleventh interview offered her his hand and fortune, at the same time laying his sword at her feet, in which he confessed the latter entirely consisted. He did this however, in a style so wild and extravagant, and with so odd a mixture of humour and pathos, jest and earnest, that the young lady laughed at it as a rhodomontade. She gradually became accustomed to his extravagance, and amused with his good-humoured eccentricities. In the mean time she mixed continually in the winter gayeties, and became the reigning belle of the season.

Now it was that the spirit moved Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton to gather himself together and honour Catalina with his notice. It will ever be found that the dullest fellows are seen hovering about the most brilliant objects, just as the bugs and moths, and other imps of the night, hie them to bask in the splendours of the lighted candle. Besides this general propensity, Sir Thicknesse was impelled by another and more particular incitement. He was especially envious of Gilfillan, who was perpetually throwing his accomplishments into the shade, and whose spirit, brilliancy, and good-nature made the leaden dullness and stultified pride of the other appear still more ungracious.

The first demonstration Sir Thicknesse gave of his devotion to our heroine was one night actually stooping to pick up her fan, at a party at his puissant excellency the governor's. Whereupon Madam Van Borsum, Madam Van Dam, Madam Twentyman, and twenty other madams, who had marriageable daughters, were thrown into a trepidation. What

rendered this act of devotion the more conspicuous, such was the rigidity of Sir Thicknesse's habits and costume, that he was obliged to go down on one knee in order to its performance. The young ladies tittered behind their fans, and Gilfillan swore it put him in mind of a wooden god offering incense to a beautiful young priestess, which sounded somewhat like a bull. When Sir Thicknesse had performed this successful feat of gallantry, he strutted away, and passed the rest of the evening in a corner, in dignified indifference, justly conceiving he had done enough for one night.

There was a certain feeling of self-complacency which was vastly conciliated by having his name connected with that of the reigning belle of the day, in the whispers of the young ladies and the tittle-tattle of their mothers. With all his absurd affectation of proud indifference, his vanity was highly excited by the association. Like my Lord Byron, he was always pretending the most sovereign indifference and contempt for the world and its opinions, while at the same time his very soul smarted under its censure or neglect. Of all the affectations of vanity that of indifference to the opinions of the world is the most inconsistent with the feelings and actions of men, and the most easily detected by its inconsistencies. Sir Thicknesse followed up his first overt act of picking up the fan by other demonstrations still more significant, until it came to pass that Madam Van Borsum, Madam Van Dam, Madam Twentyman, and the rest, came to a unanimous decision that it was all over with their daughters, and that Catalina would certainly, in good time, become Lady Throgmorton. Not one of them conceived it possible she could be so mad as to refuse a baronet, a

governor's aid-de-camp, and a man actually born in old England. It is unnecessary to say that these worthy madams from this time took a decided distaste to our heroine, and treated her with extraordinary marks of attention.

Mrs. Aubineau soon, with the quick instinct of a chaperon having a young lady to establish, perceived the important conquests Catalina had achieved in so short a time. She accordingly forthwith fell to balancing accounts between the two suitors, for as to honest Sybrandt she looked upon that affair as a mere country arrangement, made to be broken the first convenient opportunity. Engagements made in the country are never considered binding in town, all the world over. If Catalina, quoth Madam Aubineau, in her secret cogitations, marries Gilfillan, she will be a countess in time, but then it's only an Irish title, and there is no estate to it I know. If she marries Sir Thicknesse, she will be a lady at once, wife to an English baronet—and lady is lady all the world over. Besides he has an estate, and though it is out at the elbows, a little of Catalina's fortune will make it whole again. The inevitable conclusion of Madam Aubineau was to encourage Sir Thicknesse, and discourage his rival.

But Gilfillan was an Irishman, and, as he affirmed, he could always tell the difference between the false and true Milesian, by the latter never being discouraged. "By my soul," would he say, "there's no such word in the old Irish tongue—its an English importation." To discourage such a man was out of the question. If Madam Aubineau looked coolly towards him, or failed in any of the customary attentions, he rallied her with such a triumphant good humour, or received her slights with such

imperturbable negligence, that the good lady sometimes laughed herself friends with him, or sat down in despair at the perfect impotence of her scheme of discouragement.

CHAPTER V.

Manœuvring.

THE busiest and at the same time the most injudicious of all schemers is a good lady over-anxious to make a match for a daughter, or a young spinster under her protection. Madam Aubineau did nothing but give parties at night, and her worthy husband had no rest until he gave parties by day, at which Sir Thicknesse was always seated next to Catalina at dinner, where he never failed to observe upon the weather, and drink a glass of wine with her. There is no telling what these seductive attentions might have achieved in time, had not the genius of Gilfillan crossed the path of Sir Thicknesse. That enterprising Milesian, with singular skill and intrepidity, never omitted to gain a seat on the other side of our heroine, where his humour, vivacity, and gallantry seldom failed to obscure the solemn, dignified stupidity of his rival, and throw him into utter oblivion. It was observed at these merry-makings, that Sir Thicknesse ate himself into still greater stupidity, while Gilfillan drank himself into such an effervescence of spirits, that Catalina became actually afraid of him. The good matron, Madam Aubineau, accordingly soon found out that dinner-parties are the worst places in the world for matchmaking, at least with Englishmen and Irishmen.

Madam Aubineau accordingly essayed to circumvent Sir Thicknesse, by enthralling him in the seductions of evening-parties. Catalina had a fine voice, and all the skill which could be attained in those degenerate days, when all or nearly all the music of our western world was warbled in woods and fields, when not a single lady in all the land had a harp whereon to commit murder, and when there were but three old phthisicky spinets within the bills of mortality. Unfortunately for our heroine one of these appertained to Madam Aubineau's mansion, and night after night was poor Catalina condemned to torture this impracticable machine into something like groans and shrieks of harmony. Catalina was tired to death; and so was all the company. But everybody said "charming," and cried, "what a pretty tune," at the end of every execution. Sir Thicknesse beat time out of time, till he fell into a brown study or a nap, no one could tell which. Still worse than this; here too Gilfilan crossed the milky way of Sir Thicknesse's fortunes. His voice was so touching and pathetic, that it is said he could bring tears into your eyes by merely warbling an Irish howl; and when he threw his whole ardent soul into an old Irish melody, such as *Ellen a Roon*, it is recorded that the hardest hearts were softened, and even tea-parties became silent. He taught Catalina some of these fine old Doric airs, and as they warbled them together, their very beings seemed for the time cemented in one rich harmony; and then did the fortunes of Sir Thicknesse kick the beam higher than ever.

Madam Aubineau saw that the gods of eating and of music were both equally adverse to her desires. She therefore varied her plan once more, and intro-

duced dancing at her parties. She summoned ~~the~~ Orpheus and Orion of the day, to wit, Curaçao Dick, and Will, alias Ticklepitcher; than whom ~~two~~ greater fiddlers never drew bow in this western hemisphere. Not Billy, the fiddler of immortal memory, nor Bennett, nor any of those who now preside over the midnight, or rather morning revels of the youthful fair of our city, who so many of them thus dance themselves into the other world—not one of these, nor all together, could match the matchless skill of Curaçao Dick, and Will, alias Ticklepitcher. They lived in harmony, and died in harmony—they were both executed at the same time for a participation in the famous negro plot.

But alack and alas! for Madam Aubineau; here too the fates were hostile, and the genius of old Ireland triumphed over that of old England. Gilfillan danced like the feathered Mercury and Sir Thicknesse like a bear. His face was of lead and his body of something still heavier. As to his legs, no one could ever invent a comparison, or discover a material adequate to giving a just idea of their specific gravity. Gilfillan came the nearest when he affirmed “they put him in mind of two old rusty twenty-four-pounders, planted half-way in the ground at the opposite corners of a street.” Besides, Sir Thicknesse was so long in gathering himself together and crossing the room to ask Catalina to dance, that Gilfillan, who delighted to thwart his rival, always was beforehand with him, and danced with her twice as often, to the great discomfiture of Madam Aubineau.

The good lady then resorted to morning visits and *tête-à-têtes*. She invited Sir Thicknesse, under various pretences, to call, and managed to leave Catalina alone with him. This was worse than all. Sir

Thicknesse was too stupid for a tête-à-tête conversation. People ascribed his silence to pride, but take my word for it, it was sheer dulness—the want of something to say. This is what makes so many people affect pride. He would sit for hours on the sofa rapping his military boot with a rattan, and looking Catalina full in the face, like a leaden statue. Once, we must do him the justice to say—once he asked the young lady if she had been at the review. She answered in the negative, at which Sir Thicknesse, who had figured on the occasion in a newly-imported suit of regimentals, was so grievously affronted that he pouted all the rest of the morning, and would not condescend to stare her out of countenance.

These gratifying visits were also frequently broken in upon by Gilfillan, who did not mind any of the usual polite denials which shrewdly indicate that one's company is not quite welcome. The truth is, he seldom gave himself the trouble to inquire who was at home, but whistled or hummed himself into the parlour without ceremony. If he found any one there, it was well ; if not, he staid till some one came, or if he grew tired, whistled himself out again. His company was always a relief to our heroine from the deadly monotony of Sir Thicknesse's silence, and of course she received him with smiles, which almost went to the imperturbable heart of his rival, who always slapped his boot the harder, and looked, if possible, still more glum on these occasions.

All this time Catalina had no idea of any serious attentions on the part of the two gentlemen. She did not feel sufficiently interested in either to make her very clear-sighted on the occasion ; and indeed the stupidity of the one, and the wild rhodomontade of the other, made their intentions very obscure as

well as questionable. But young ladies are sure to be let into these secrets by the kind interest which every body takes in affairs with which they have no concern. I will not deny that she flirted a little with one of her admirers, and what was still more suspicious, laughed at the other; but certain it is she had no idea of any thing serious in the business until she began to be congratulated on all hands at the important conquests she had made. Nay, some of the old ladies affected to ask her very significantly "when it was to be—whether the old folks had given their consent, and especially how master Sybrandt Westbrook was, and whether he did not mean to spend part of the winter in town."

CHAPTER VI.

In which the Reader will be puzzled to discover whether the gray Mare is the better Horse or not.

OUR heroine was somewhat startled at these inquiries. Though beautiful as an angel, still she was mortal. The dissipations of a city life, the novelty of every thing around her, and more especially the incense every where administered to the sly lurking vanity which nestles somewhere in every human heart, had, by degrees, somewhat obscured the memory of Sybrandt in her bosom. She frequently thought of him with affectionate gratitude, but this thought was so often interrupted by visitors, engagements, and all the attractions of a life of pleasure, that by degrees it ceased to be the governing principle of her actions; and various little coquetries marked the effect of absence as well as the growth of worldly passions. During the winter season there was little intercourse between New-York and Albany, and consequently the letters that were interchanged between her and Sybrandt were few and far between. It must be confessed too, that when opportunities did occur, Catalina sometimes had so many engagements on her hands that she did not always avail herself of them.

"My dear," said Mr. Aubineau one day that he had been asked by Mrs. Twentyman when Catalina

was to be married,—“my dear, have you forgot that your friend Miss Vancour is engaged to be married to her cousin?”

“No, my dear,” replied she; “I’ve not forgot it. I’ve not lost my memory yet, thank heaven.”

“Well then, my dear, do you wish to make a fool of Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton?”

“No, my dear, I don’t wish to make a fool of Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton.”

“Then perhaps you wish to make a fool of Catalina?”

“I don’t understand you, my dear.”

“Why, my dear, it seems to me that, knowing as you do the engagement of this young lady, the encouragement you give Sir Thicknesse in his attentions to her, when it is obvious they must be vain, is very well calculated to make a fool of him, in the common acceptation of the term.”

“Pooh, Mr. Aubineau, what is an engagement between two people without experience in the world, who fall in love in the country because they don’t know what to do with themselves?”

“Why, Mrs. Aubineau, I should think an engagement made in the country exactly as binding as if it were made in the city.”

“Pshaw! Mr. Aubineau, you talk nonsense. To miss such an establishment, and a title to boot! What do you say to that?”

“Why, I say that neither a title nor an establishment furnish sufficient apology for acting dishonourably.”

“Lord! Mr. Aubineau, how you talk!”

“This young lady is placed under our guardianship by her parents, who have sanctioned her engagement with her cousin; and we are in some measure

responsible for her conduct. What will her father say?"

"Pooh! what signifies what he says?"

"And her mother?"

"Why, she'll say we have done right to break off this foolish country engagement, and thank us for making her the mother of a lady."

"I doubt it."

"If she don't she is a most unnatural mother. Why, Madam Van Borsum, and Madam Van Dam, and Madam Twentyman, and all the other madams that have marriageable daughters, are ready to die of envy."

"Well, let them die, if they will."

"Let them die?—why, you inhuman man, are you not ashamed of yourself?—the poor souls!"

"But this is nothing to the purpose. It is not what others may think or say, but what we ought to do, that I wish to consult you about."

"Well, my dear, I am willing to be consulted as much as you please; but I tell you beforehand all you can say will not alter my opinions or my conduct, my dear."

"Oh, if that is the case, madam, I shall take my own course. I shall to-day write to invite Sybrandt Westbrook to come down and spend the rest of the winter with us. Let him take care of his own interests, since you won't."

"If you do, I tell you once for all, my dear, I won't be civil to him."

"Then I shall be particularly civil."

"You will?"

"Yes!"

A monosyllable, however short, is always signifi-

cant of cool determination, and it made Mrs. Aubineau start.

"There's no room for him in the house," said she, after a pause of consideration whether it was time to be angry.

"I shall have a bed made for him in my library."

"There's no room for a bed without removing the bookcases."

"Then I shall remove the bookcases."

"You will?"

"Yes!"

Another diabolical monosyllable! What woman in the shape of a wife could bear it?

"I'll tell you what, my dear—"

"You need not tell me any thing, my dear. I recollect you were pleased to observe just now, nothing I could say would alter your opinions or your conduct. I am just in the same humour. There is a government messenger going to Albany to-morrow,—I shall write by him." So saying, Mr. Aubineau took his hat, and walked very deliberately to the Perpetual Club, an ancient and honourable institution which flourished at that time in the good city of New-York, one of the fundamental principles of which was that there should always be a quorum of members present day and night.

"What an obstinate mule!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubineau, when he was out of hearing. "A man that won't listen to reason is as bad—as bad—" as a woman that won't listen to reason, whispered conscience. Mrs. Aubineau was upon the whole a reasonable woman, and listened to her monitor until she thought better of the matter. She determined to be uncommonly civil to Sybrandt if he came, and

to make herself amends by counteracting his interests to the utmost of her power. That evening Mr. Aubineau informed Catalina he had written to invite Sybrandt. The news caused a rush of blood from her heart to her face ; but whether it was a flush of pleasure, surprise, or apprehension I cannot say. Whatever were her feelings, she uttered not a word, and the secret remained buried in her bosom.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rape of the Picture.

IN due time Sybrandt received the letter of Mr. Aubineau, and obtained a slow unwilling assent from Mr. Dennis Vancour to accept the invitation. Colonel Vancour also gave his approbation, and madame did not oppose, though she had a great inclination to do so. She was a wife of the old regime—that is to say, an antediluvian wife,—for I have heard of none since the flood who like her acted on the principle that in matters where men's business was particularly concerned men should be left to judge for themselves. But she did not like the arrangement. I don't much approve disclosing the secrets of ladies, but the truth was there had been a sly correspondence going on for some time between her and Mrs. Aubineau, in which the project of making madame the mother of a titled lady was communicated, and received with singular complacency. There was probably not a mother in the whole wide circumference of this new world who could have resisted the temptation. The apple of Eve was nothing to it. The good Dame Vancour thought of little else by day and by night,—nay, she dreamed three nights running that she saw Catalina with a coronet, instead of a nightcap. However, she made no opposition to the visit of Sybrandt, trusting to the assurances contained in a letter from Mrs. Aubineau,

which came by the same messenger who brought the invitation, that she would take care no good should come of Mr. Aubineau's impertinent interference.

The good Dennis was resolved his nephew and heir should not disgrace him at the little court of the little puissant governor of New-York. He got him two full suits constructed by his own tailor, whom he considered the greatest hand at inexpressibles in the whole universe. Certain it is he took the greatest quantity of broadcloth, though he was never in his life suspected of cabbaging. The favourite colours of Dennis were snuff and drab, and accordingly these were ordered. The tailor was enjoined to be very particular in not making them too tight, as people were very apt to grow fat as they grew old; and Ariel had a glorious time of it. He went to Albany four times a week, to superintend the construction of Sybrandt's wardrobe, and hasten the completion of this arduous business. Thus stimulated, the tailor, who was called Master Goosee Ten Broeck, bestirred himself with such consummate diligence, that at the end of three weeks he brought home the whole twelfth labour of Hercules triumphantly. Sybrandt was out of all patience in the mean while; but was amply rewarded for the delay, by the perfection of Master Goosee's work; which Uncle Dennis affirmed fitted just like wax, though heaven knows why. It certainly did not stick to him like wax, but hung around his body and limbs at a most respectful distance. All things being in readiness, the good Dennis gave Sybrandt his blessing, together with abundance of advice, backed by a purse of guineas, the music of which far transcended that of the spheres, which the poets make such harangues

about. If they were a little accustomed to the chincking of guineas, they would find there was no comparison between the two. "D—n it, Sybrandt," exclaimed the little Ariel, "d—n it, I should like to go with you ; but now I think of it, I can't neither. I've promised old Ten Broeck to graft some peach-trees for him, as soon as the spring comes on."

"Good-by, massa Sybrandt," said old Tjereck, now almost bent double with age and rheumatism—"Good-by, massa Sybrandt—never see old nigger again." Sybrandt was touched with this homely address, and the tears came into his eyes. He shook hands with the old partner of his first adventures, when he put on the toga and commenced man, and parted from him with sorrow. His speech to his young master was prophetic—they never met again. The old man died of a rheumatism about a fortnight afterward. Peace to his manes, black as they were ! I honour his memory, for he was one of those faithful servants the race of which has long become extinct, amid the pious endeavours of pains-taking folks who have nothing to do but better the condition of mankind, and meddle with other people's concerns.

While these things were going on in the country, our heroine was in what is called in homely phrase—I like homely phrases—in a sort of a quandary. Sometimes she was glad that her cousin was coming, and sometimes she was sorry. Sometimes she was very angry he was so long in coming ; and at others she found it in her heart to wish he would not come at all ; for mighty were her fears that the fashionable people of New-York, and more especially the aids-de-camp, would laugh at his country manners and homely apparel. Sir Thicknesse and Gilfillan still continued their attentions ; the former gentleman

gathered himself together in consequence of being incited thereto by Mrs. Aubineau, and achieved a most triumphant piece of gallantry. He actually spoke to our heroine three times in one morning. As to the tinder—I don't mean tender-hearted Milesian, he swore at least six dozen times a day that she was an angel, and that he was dying by barley-corns for the love of her sweet soul. He certainly was deeply smitten after the fashion of a soldier and an Irishman, for notwithstanding he was dying for love, he was the healthiest, merriest fellow in the world, and laughed, sang, danced, drank, gamed, and gallanted, just as if nothing was the matter with him.

Catalina had much ado to keep him in due order and subjection to the rules of feminine delicacy, for your true Milesian is ever daringly enterprising. Even love cannot make them cowards. Our heroine was always obliged to act on the defensive, when alone with him, and more than once had occasion to be seriously angry. One day he came in, humming his favourite Ellen a Roon, and finding a miniature of Catalina, which had just been taken by an eminent hand, and which is still extant in the Vancour family, the honest gentleman was seized with the gallant whim of possessing himself of it, at least *pro tem*. Our heroine expostulated—Gilfillan laughed; she was angry—Gilfillan laughed still louder; she stated to him seriously the indelicacy of such a procedure, and the consequences of the picture being seen in his possession—ah! would not do; he replied in rhodomontade and extravagant professions, swore he did not mean to keep it, that he only wanted to worship her image in secret for one night, when he would return it, provided it was not demolished with kisses; and,

finally, turned the whole into a joke, and set our heroine laughing in spite of her vexation. In short, he carried off the bauble with a solemn lover's assurance of returning it the next day. But the next day, and the next, he made some such odd, extravagant, or humorous excuse for retaining it one day longer, that Catalina yielded to his irresistible grotesque, and was actually ashamed to be angry. In about a week, however, he returned the picture, with the assurance, that nothing but its being the actual representation of a divinity had miraculously preserved it from destruction by the intensity of his devotion. In a short time the whole affair was forgiven and forgotten by Catalina.

CHAPTER VIII.


A Hero in snuff-coloured Breeches.

A FEW days afterward Sybrandt arrived in his snuff-coloured suit, which of itself was enough to ruin the brightest prospects of the most thriving wooer. Think what a contrast to the splendours of an aid-de-camp! the scarlet, gold-laced coat, the bright spurs, and the gorgeous epaulettes. Poor Sybrandt! what superiority of the inside could weigh against this outside gear? Catalina received him, I cannot tell exactly how. She did not know herself, and how should I? It was an odd, incomprehensible, indescribable compound of affected indifference, and affected welcome; fear of showing too little feeling, and horror of exhibiting too much. In short, it was an awkward business, and Sybrandt made it still more so, by being suddenly seized with an acute fit of his old malady of shyness and embarrassment. Such a meeting has often been a prelude to an eternal separation.

The very next evening after his arrival Sybrandt made his debut in the snuff-coloured suit, at a grand party given by his excellency the governor, in honour of his majesty's birthday. All the aristocracy of the city were collected on this occasion, and, in order to give additional dignity to the ceremony, several people of the first consequence delayed making their appearance till almost seven

o'clock. The hoops and heads were prodigious; and it is recorded of more than one lady, that she went to this celebrated party with her head sticking out of one of the coach windows, and her hoop out at the other. Their sleeves it is true were not quite so exuberant as those of the present graceful mode; nor was it possible to mistake a lady's arm for her body, as is sometimes done in these degenerate days by near-sighted dandies; one of whom, I am credibly informed, actually put his arm round the sleeve instead of the waist, in dancing the waltz last winter with a young belle just from Paris. Many a little sharp-toed, high-heeled satin shoe, sparkling in diamond paste buckles, did execution that night; and one old lady in particular displayed, with all the pride of conscious superiority, a pair of gloves her mother had worn at court in the reign of the gallant Charles the Second, who came very near asking her to dance, and publicly declared her to be quite as elegant as Nell Gwyn, and almost as beautiful as the Dutchess of Cleveland. These consecrated relics descended in a direct line from generation to generation in this illustrious family, being considered the most valuable of its possessions, until they were sacrilegiously purloined by a gentleman of colour belonging to the house, and afterward exhibited during several seasons at the African balls. "To what vile uses we may come at last!"

All the dignitaries of the province were present on this occasion, for their absence would have been looked upon as a proof of disloyalty that might have cost them their places. Here were the illustrious members of the governor's council, who represented his majesty in the second degree. Next came the




chief justice, and the puisne justices, all in those magnificent wigs which, as Captain Basil Hall asserts, give such superiority to the decisions of the judges of England,—inasmuch as that when the head is so full of law that it can hold no more, a vast superfluity of knowledge may be accommodated in the curls of the wig. Hence it has been gravely doubted whether those profound decisions of my Lord Mansfield and Sir William Scott, which constitute the law and the *profits* in our courts, did actually emanate from the brains or the wigs of the aforesaid oracles. Here too figured his majesty's attorney-general and his majesty's solicitor-general, who also wore wigs, but not so large as those of the judges, for that would have been considered a shrewd indication that they thought themselves equally learned in the law with their betters. Next came the rabble of little vermin that are farmed out upon colonies in all ages and nations, to fatten on the spoils of industry, and tread upon the people who give them bread. Custom and excise officers, commissioners and paymasters, and every creeping thing which had the honour of serving and cheating his majesty in the most contemptible station, here took precedence of the ancient and present lords of the soil, and looked down upon them as inferior beings. His majesty was the fountain of honour and glory; and his excellency the governor being his direct and immediate representative, all claims to distinction were settled by propinquity to that distinguished functionary. Whoever was nearest to him in dignity of office was the next greatest man; and whatever lady could get nearest the governor's lady at a party was indubitably ennobled for that night, and became an object of envy ever afterward. Pre-

vious to the late Revolution more than one of our aristocratic families derived their principal distinction from their grandmothers having once dined with the governor, and sat at the right hand of his lady at dinner.

If Sybrandt, the humble and obscure Sybrandt, who had nothing to recommend him but talents, learning, and intrepidity of soul—if he was awed by the majesty of this illustrious assemblage of dignitaries, almost all of whom tacked honourable to their names, who can blame him? And if, as he contrasted his snuff-coloured dress with the gorgeous military costumes of the aids-de-camp and officers, he felt, in spite of himself, a consciousness of inferiority, who can wonder? And if, as he gazed on the big wigs of the judges, and the vast circumference of those hoops in which the beauties of New-York moved and revolved as in a universe of their own, he trembled to his inmost heart, who shall dare to question his courage?

To the weight of this feeling of inferiority, which pressed upon the modesty of his nature, and, as it were, enveloped his intellects in a fog of awkward embarrassment, were added various other causes of vexation. When it was whispered about that he was the country beau, the accepted one of the belle of New-York, the scrutiny he underwent would have quailed the heart of a roaring lion. The young ladies, who envied Catalina the conquest of the two aids, revenged themselves by tittering at her beau behind their fans.

"Lord," whispered Miss Van Dam to Miss Twentymen, "did you ever see such an old-fashioned creature? I declare, he looks frightened out of his wits."



"And then his snuff-coloured breeches!" said the other. "He is handsome, too; but what is a man without a red coat and epaulettes!"

My readers will excuse the insertion of a certain obnoxious word in the reply of the young lady, when they understand it was uttered in a whisper. I am the last man in the world to commit an outrage upon female decorum, and am not so ignorant of what is due to the delicacy of the sex as not to know that though it is considered allowable for young ladies now-a-days to expose their persons in the streets and at parties in the most generous manner, as well as to permit strangers to take them round the waist in a waltz, it would be indelicate in the highest degree to mention such matters in plain English. In fashionable ethics, indelicacy consists not so much in the thing itself as in the words used in describing it.

While the young ladies were criticising the merits of our hero's snuff-coloured costume, the mothers were investigating his other capabilities.

"They say he will be immensely rich," quoth Mrs. Van Dam.

"You don't say so?" cried Mrs. Van Borsum.

"Yes, he has two old bachelor uncles, as rich as Cræsus."

"Cræsus? who is he? I don't know him."

"A rich merchant in London, I believe."

"Well, but is it certain he will have the fortunes of both the old bachelors?"

"O, certain. One of them has adopted him, and the other made his will and left him all he has."

"What a pity he should marry such a flirt as that Miss Vancour!"

"O, a very great pity. Really I am sorry for the

young fellow ; he deserves a better wife." And she thought of her daughter.

"Indeed he does—so he does," echoed the other lady ; and she thought of *her* daughter. They both began to despair of the aids, and the military and the civil dignitaries ; and the next object of their ambition was a rich provincial.

It was not many hours after this conversation before our friend Sybrandt was introduced to these good ladies, at their particular instance, and by them to their daughters.

"Is he rich enough to take me *home* ?" whispered Miss Van Borsum to her mother—home being the phrase for Old England at that time, when it was considered vulgar to belong to a colony.—"Is he rich enough to take me home ?"

"As rich as Cræsus, the great London merchant."

"Then I am determined to set my cap at him in spite of his snuff-coloured ——," thought Miss Van Borsum. By one of those inextricable manoeuvres with which experienced dames contrive arrangements of this sort, Sybrandt was actually forced into dancing a minuet with Miss Van Borsum, although he would almost have preferred dancing a jig upon nothing. The young lady nearly equalled Catalina in this the most graceful and ladylike of all dances ; and having a beautiful little foot *et cetera*, many were the keen darts she launched from her pointed satin shoes and diamond buckles at the hearts of the beholders. The dancing of our hero was not altogether despicable ; but the snuff-coloured —— ! they did his business for that night with all the young ladies and their mothers who did not know he was the heir of two rich old bachelors.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the noble revenge of Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton. The Author lauds the Ladies.

GILFILLAN, who was speedily advertised by several communicative and good-natured old ladies, that could not bear to see him made a fool of, that Sybrandt was the real formidable man after all—eyed him with an air of taunting ridicule. Sybrandt was on the lookout too, and returned these demonstrations with interest. But Gilfillan was a generous, good-natured fellow, and ere long that kind feeling with which every genuine Irishman looks at a stranger, overcame the hostility of rivalry.

“By the galligaskins of my great ancestor, the Prince of Breffny,” quoth he, “there can be no danger in such a pair as that”—and he immediately introduced himself to our hero, with a frank cordiality that was irresistible. Sybrandt felt himself drawn towards him, in spite of his being a rival. “But how did he know Gilfillan was his rival?” Pshaw! gentle reader, if you can’t comprehend that, you had better go and study metaphysics. Do you suppose it possible for him to converse with Madame Van Borsum and dance with her daughter, without knowing all about it? You must think women had no tongues in the days of your great-grandmother.

The behaviour of Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton was a perfect contrast to that of Colonel Gilfillan,

He affected to take not the least notice of Sybrandt, and pouted majestically with Catalina. He pretended not to hear when she addressed him—neglected to ask her to dance—came very near flirting with Miss Van Dam, only he did not know how—retired into a corner where he stood two hours, sometimes resting on one leg, then on the other, like unto a goose; and finally refused to cut up a boiled turkey at supper, when requested by the governor's lady: at which piece of unheard-of audacity everybody threw down their knives and forks in astonishment. That very night he consulted his pillow, and determined to jilt Catalina, not having at that time the fear of the law before him, which hath since remunerated so many broken-hearted young ladies for the loss of one husband by enabling them to purchase a second with the spoils of the first. He resolved, therefore, to desert our heroine, and break her heart. It never entered the head of this honest gentleman that she was very happy to be rid of him. But to mortify her still more, he determined to pay his devoirs to another. For this purpose he selected the wife of an honest burgher residing in Broadstreet, to whom he addressed a flaming love-letter in English. The good woman not being able to read it, one language being at that time considered quite enough for an honest woman, like a dutiful wife carried it to her husband to interpret for her. The worthy burgher was in the same predicament with his wife, and Gilfillan being an old customer, put it into his hands for translation. After this he went forthwith to Sir Thicknesse to expostulate with him, and know what "de duyvel" he meant. "You can't marry mine *vrouw*, cause she's *cot* one huspand already;" said he, with great appearance of reason.

Gilfillan made a most capital story out of this, and the dignified baronet was so quizzed wherever he went, that he soon asked leave of absence, and returned to England, where it is said he found plenty of proud blockheads who mistook awkwardness for dignity, and clumsiness for the air noble, to keep him in countenance. The reader will be pleased to recollect I am speaking of days of yore, and that the English beaux have since been greatly improved in grace and politeness by frequent association with our sprightly belles. But I am anticipating my story.

Be this as it may, it is with pain I confess that the snuff-coloured garments heretofore commemorated, the tittering of the young ladies, the criticisms of their mothers, and above all the sly remarks of the officers, the ill-natured side-speeches of Mrs. Aubineau, together with a certain secret consciousness on the part of our heroine that our hero made but a sort of an indifferent figure at this illustrious gala, operated somewhat unfavourably to the interests of Sybrandt. Women in general (I mean before they are married) can scarcely be said to have any opinions of their own. They are entirely under the dominion of fashion. They will not do a thing which is perfectly innocent, because it is *not* the fashion; and they will frequently do things unbecoming the delicacy of the sex, because it *is* the fashion. Nay, their very virtues appear sometimes to be the sport of fashion—which is nothing but the result of the whims and caprices of nobody knows who; an emanation from nobody knows where—sometimes the eccentricity of a lady of *ton*—sometimes the prurient offspring of the vanity of an opera dancer; and at others the invention of a fantastic milliner. A dress may be elegant and becoming to the last degree, yet

if it is out of fashion a lady who aspires to the least consideration will scarcely dare to be seen in it. Her very manners and morals, too, are more or less under the sway of this invisible despot; and ladies who resist every other species of tyranny submit to this with the resignation of martyrs. An unfashionable dress is death to a fashionable young lady, and an unfashionable lover purgatory. When a man once comes to be laughed at in the world of fashion his time is come,—whatever may be his merits, it is all over with him. Yet notwithstanding these little foibles of the sex, none but a morose disappointed old bachelor will deny that they are delightful ingredients in the sour cup of life. In infancy, in manhood, and in old age—in our sports, enjoyments, and relaxations, they are our choicest companions; in the cares and troubles and disappointments of this world they are our best solace, our most faithful friends; and in the last hours of weak humanity, yea, on the bed of death, they are the ministering spirits to smooth our pillow, alleviate our sufferings, and finally close our eyes and wrap us in the winding-sheet, the last clothing of humanity. But what am I about, prosing away at this rate, when I ought to be sprinkling my pages with blood, murders, seduction and adultery, after the manner of “thrice immortal” club-footed lord and his bloody-minded imitators.

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CHAPTER X.

*How oft the colours of men's clothes
Their future destinies disclose !*

OUR heroine was a woman—a delightful specimen of a woman—yet still a woman; born, too, before the commencement of the brilliant era of public improvement and the progress of mind. I could never learn that she spoke either French or Italian, though she certainly did English and Dutch, and that with a voice of such persuasive music, such low, irresistible pathos, that Gilfillan often declared there was no occasion to understand what she said to be persuaded into any thing. But in truth she was marvellously behind the present age of development. She had never in her life attended a lecture on chymistry—though she certainly understood the ingredients of a pudding; and was entirely ignorant of the happy art of murdering time in strolling up and down Broadway all the morning, brought to such exquisite perfection by the ladies of this precocious age. Indeed, she was too kind-hearted to murder any thing but beaux, and that she did unwittingly. But still she was a woman, and could not altogether resist the contagion of the ridicule poured out upon poor Sybrandt's snuff-coloured inexpressibles. Little did she expect the time would one day come when this would be the fashionable colour for pantaloons, in which modern Corinthians

would figure at balls and assemblies, to the delight of the universe.

Being a woman, then, she did not pause to inquire whether snuff-colour was not in the abstract just as respectable as blue or red, or even imperial purple. She tried it by the laws of fashion, and it was found wanting. Now, there is an indissoluble tie between a man and his dress. As dress receives a grace sometimes from the person that wears it, so does it confer a similar benefit. They cannot be separated—they constitute one being; and hence some modern metaphysicians have been exceedingly puzzled to define the precise line of distinction between a dandy and his costume. It was by this mysterious identity of the man and his dress that the fortunes of our hero came nigh to be utterly shipwrecked. Catalina confounded the ridicule thrown upon his snuff-coloured inexpressibles with the man himself; and he too, for the few hours that the party lasted and the young lady remained under the influence of fashion, became ridiculous by the association.

By degrees she found herself growing ashamed of her old admirer, whose attentions she received with a certain embarrassment and haughty coolness, which he saw and felt immediately; for Sybrandt was no fool, although he did wear a snuff-coloured suit made by a Dutch tailor. Neither did he lack one spark of the spirit becoming a man conscious of his innate superiority over the gilded swarm around him. The moment he saw the state of Catalina's feelings, he met her more than half-way, and intrenched himself behind his old defences of silent neglect and proud humility. He spoke to her no more that evening. Though Catalina was conscious in her heart that she merited this neglect, still

this was a very different thing from being satisfied with it. She became only the more dissatisfied at being thus neglected. Gilfillan would not have behaved so, thought she, while she remembered how the worse she treated him the more lowly and attentive he became. She mistook this submission to her whims or indifference for a proof of superior love, and therein fell into an error which has been fatal to the happiness of many a woman, and will be fatal to that of many more, in spite of all I can say on the subject. The error I would warn them against is that of confounding subserviency with affection. They know little of the hearts of men, if they are ignorant that the man who loves a woman as he ought, and whose views are disinterested, will no more forget what is due to himself than what is due to his mistress. He will sink into the slave of no woman, whom he does not intend to make a slave in return. It is your fortune-hunters alone that become the willing victims of caprice, and submit to every species of mortification the ingenuity of wayward vanity can invent, in the hope that this degrading vassalage may be at length repaid, not by the possession of the lady, but her money. It must be confessed, that the event too often justifies the expectation. Be this as it may, before the conclusion of this important evening the company perceived evident signs of a coolness between the two lovers; and Gilfillan, who watched them with the keen sagacity of a man of the world, redoubled his attentions. It is hardly necessary to say, that our heroine received them with redoubled complacency—for, as I observed before, she was a woman; and what woman ever failed to repay the neglect of her lover, even though occasioned by a fault of her own, with

ample interest? "If she thinks to make me jealous, she is very much mistaken," thought Sybrandt, while he perspired in an agony of vexation.

The next morning Sybrandt breakfasted at home, said little, and thought a great deal—the true secret of being stupid. Mrs. Aubineau asked him fifty questions about the ball, and especially about Miss Van Borsum. But she could get nothing out of him, except that he admired that young lady exceedingly. This was a great bouncer, but "at lovers' perjuries—" the quotation is somewhat musty. Catalina immediately launched out in praise of Gilfillan, whom she also declared she admired exceedingly. This was another bouncer. He amused her and administered to her vanity; but the truth is, she neither admired or respected him. Still the attentions of an aid-de-camp were what no mortal young lady of that degenerate age could bring herself voluntarily to relinquish, at least in New-York. Our hero, though he had his mouth full of muffin at the moment Catalina expressed her admiration of Gilfillan, rose from the table abruptly, and seizing his hat, ~~and~~ forth into the street, though Mrs. Aubineau called after to say she had made an engagement for him that morning.

"Catalina," said Mrs. Aubineau, "do you mean to marry that stupid man in the snuff-coloured clothes?"

"He has a great many good qualities."

"But he wears snuff-coloured breeches."

"He is brave, kind-hearted, generous, and possesses knowledge and talents."

"Well, but then he wears snuff-coloured breeches."

"He has my father's approbation, and—"

"And yours?"

"He had when I gave it."

"But you repent it now?" said Mrs. Aubineau, looking inquiringly into her face.

"He saved my life," replied Catalina.

"Well, that calls for gratitude, not love."

"He saved it twice."

"Well, then, you can be twice as grateful; that will balance the account."

"But he saved it four times."

"Well, double and quits again."

"But, my dear madam, I—I believe—nay, I am sure that I love my cousin in my heart."

"What! in his snuff-coloured suit?"

"Why, I am not quite sure of that, at least here in New-York among the fine red-coats and bright epaulettes; but I am quite sure I could love him in the country."

"In his snuff-colours?"

"In any colours I believe. To tell you the truth, cousin, I am ashamed of the manner in which I received him after an absence of months, and of my treatment at the ball last night. I believe the evil spirit beset me."

"It was only the spirit of woman, my dear, whispering you to woo the bright prospect that beckons you. Do you know you can be a countess, in perspective whenever you please?"

"Perhaps I might; but I'd rather be a happy wife than a titled lady."

"You would!" exclaimed her cousin, lifting up her eyes and hands in astonishment.

"Indeed I would."

"Then you must be more or less than woman," cried the other, panting for breath.

"Listen to me, my dear cousin. I know you

meant it all for my happiness in giving encouragement to Sir Thicknesse and Colonel Gilfillan. But the truth is, I don't like either of them, and I do like my cousin Sybrandt. Sir Thicknesse is a proud, stupid dolt, without heart or understanding; and Colonel Gilfillan, with a thousand good qualities, or rather impulses—for he is governed by them entirely—is not, I fear, nay, I know, a man of integrity or honour."

"Not a man of honour!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubineau again, with uplifted eyes and hands, "Why, he has fought six duels!"

"But he neither pays his debts nor keeps his promises."

"He'd fight a fiery dragon."

"Yes, but there are men, and very peaceable men, too, whom he is rather afraid of," said Catalina, smiling—"his tradesmen. The other day I was walking with him, and was very much surprised at his insisting we should turn down a little, dirty, narrow lane. Just as he had done so he changed his mind, and was equally importunate with me to turn into another. I did not think it necessary to comply with his wishes, and we soon met a tradesman who respectfully requested to speak with my colonel. "Go to the d—l for an impudent scoundrel!" cried he, in a great passion, and lunged me almost rudely along, muttering, "an impudent rascal, to be dunning a gentleman in the street."

"Well?"

"Well—I know enough of these tradesmen to know that they would not venture to dun an officer in the street if they could meet with him elsewhere. The example of my dear father has taught me that one of the first of our duties is a compliance with the obligations of justice"

"Well Catalina, I must say people get very odd notions in the country. What do you mean to do with your admirers?"

"Why from the behaviour of Sir Thicknesse last night, I hope I shall be troubled with him no more. If Colonel Gilfillan calls this morning, I shall take the opportunity of explaining to him frankly and explicitly the state of my obligations and affections. I will appeal to his sense of decorum and propriety for the discontinuance of his attentions, and if he still persists, take special care to keep out of his way, until the state of the river will admit of my going home."

"And I," thought Mrs. Aubineau, "shall take special care to prevent all this."—"But what do you mean to do with the man in the snuff-coloured suit?"

"Treat him as he merits. I have been much more to blame than he—it is but just, therefore, that I should make the first advances to a reconciliation. I shall take the earliest opportunity of doing so, for his sake as well as my own; for my feelings since our first meeting here convince me I cannot treat him with neglect or indifference without sharing in the consequences."

"Well, you are above my comprehension, Catalina; but I can't help loving you. I can have no wish but for your happiness."

"Of that," said Catalina, good-humouredly, "I am perhaps old enough to judge for myself."

"I don't know that, my dear. Women can hardly tell what is for their happiness, until they have been married a twelvemonth. But what do you mean to do with yourself to-day?"

"I mean to stay at home and wait the return of

my cousin. The sooner we come to an understanding the better."

"And I shall go visiting, as I have no misunderstandings to settle with good Mr. Aubineau. Good morning—by the time I come back I suppose it will be all settled. But, my dear Catalina," added she, suddenly turning back, and addressing her with great earnestness—"my dear friend, do try and persuade him to discard his snuff-coloured suit, will you?"

"I shall leave that to you, cousin ; for my part I mean to endure it as a punishment for my bad behaviour to the owner." But Catalina never had an opportunity of putting her heroic resolution into practice.

CHAPTER XI.

A good Resolution sometimes comes a day after the Fair.

SYBRANDT had proceeded directly from Mr. Aubineau's to the quarters of Colonel Gilfillan, with a design of explaining to him his claims on Catalina, and demanding a relinquishment of his attentions. He was told the colonel had stepped out for a few minutes, and requested to wait his return. During the interval he happened to take up a music-book which lay on the table. It opened of itself, and a miniature picture fell from it on the floor. Sybrandt took it up with the intention of replacing it, when to his dismay and horror he discovered in it the likeness of Catalina, which Gilfillan, with an inexcusable want of delicacy and propriety, had procured to be copied from the original while in his possession. The blood of Sybrandt rushed to his heart, and thence to his face and fingers' ends, where it tingled and burnt like liquid fire. He stood trembling with rage and anguish, the picture in his hand, when Gilfillan entered and was beginning in his gayest tones, with—

“My dear Mr. Westbrook, by my soul you're welcome”—when Sybrandt interrupted him without ceremony—“Colonel Gilfillan, when I inform you I have a deep interest in the question, I hope you will answer it frankly—May I ask where you procured this picture?”

Gilfillan felt himself in the predicament of one

who has been detected in doing what he cannot justify; he therefore sheltered himself under an air of haughty indifference: added to this, our hero's snuff-coloured suit did him another ill turn here. It impressed upon the mind of Gilfillan that he had to do with a clodhopper of the first magnitude, whom he might banter, or bully, or quiz at pleasure. Never man was more mistaken than Colonel Gilfillan. He little suspected this homely suit covered a man that would not turn out of the path he had chosen for any thing in the shape of man. He accordingly replied, with a careless if not contemptuous hauteur,—

"Certainly, Mister—a—a—Mister Westbrook, you are at perfect liberty to ask any question of me—but allow me to observe, it depends upon myself whether I choose to answer."

"But, sir, you will permit me to say you ~~must~~ do me the favour to answer this question."

"Must! you don't say so, sir?"

"Look ye, Colonel Gilfillan, this is no time for trifling; nor will I permit you to trifle on this occasion. Is it known to you that an engagement subsists between the original of that picture and myself, sanctioned by her parents?"

"By my soul, Mr. Westbrook, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether there does or not. If a lady makes an engagement I suppose she has a right to break an engagement when she is tired of it; and, by the glory of the stars! I am the man that will assist her any time in such a praiseworthy undertaking."

"Very well then, I am to presume you were acquainted with the circumstance?"

"You may presume what you please, Mr. Westbrook—it's all one to me."

"You will not gratify my inquiries, then, though I have, I trust, justified the interest I have a right to take in the affairs of this young lady?"

"Faith will not I," replied the colonel, carelessly.

"Then let me tell you, sir—" Sybrandt's voice rung, his colour heightened, and his eye flashed.

"Hold there, young gentleman," interrupted the colonel. "From the tone of your voice, and the flash of your eye, I gather you are going to say something disagreeable; take care what you *do* say."

"I say to your caution what you were pleased to say to my information—that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me. And I further say, Colonel Gilfillan, that I neither recognise in your preceding or your present conduct any thing that entitles you to particular respect."

"Before you go any further, my friend, let me ask you a civil question,—will you fight?—For it must come to that if you say the thousandth part of such another word."

Sybrandt went to the table, and in an instant presented a paper to the colonel, on which were the following words:

"Meet me at six to-morrow morning, at Hoboken, and I'll answer your question."

The colonel was somewhat startled at this prompt dealing in a man in a snuff-coloured suit. He was not frightened—nothing on earth could frighten him, except a dun,—but he was seized with an involuntary respect for the snuff-coloured gentleman, that made him almost regret having treated him so cavalierly. He changed his tone instantly. He kept his eye on the paper as he continued asking questions.

"At six to-morrow?"

"At six."

"With pistols did you say?"

"With pistols, if you please, or—"

"O, it's all the same to me. Mr. Westbrook, let me ask you one question—do you mean to make your will beforehand? because, if you do, I wish you'd leave me that picture after your death, as you don't seem inclined to give it me while alive."

Sybrandt had all this while held the picture in his clenched hand, almost unconsciously. But on being thus reminded of it, he threw it contemptuously on the table.

"Now that is treating the original discourteously," said the colonel, taking it up; "and upon my soul, if you had not been beforehand with me I should have picked a quarrel with you for it. Faith, a charming lady, and I'll wear her image next my heart to-morrow."

So saying, he coolly deposited the picture in his bosom, and Sybrandt inwardly vowed to himself that he would aim right at the faithless resemblance.

"We understand each other now, Colonel Gilfillan?"

"O faith, there can be no misunderstanding in such plain English."

"Good morning then, colonel."

"Good morning, Mr. Westbrook," answered the colonel. "Now, who the d—l would have taken that snuff-coloured breeches for a lad of such mettle? I am determined to be friends with him the very next minute after I've blown his brains out."

The colonel was here suddenly interrupted by a message from his excellency requiring his immediate attendance. He accordingly hurried off to the government-house, while Sybrandt slowly turned towards the mansion of Mr. Aubineau, where Catalina

was anxiously waiting to put her good resolutions in practice. A storm of contending passions agitated his mind, and when he came in sight of the house he turned away heart-sick with his wounded feelings, and wandered for hours in the fields that skirted the city. Sometimes he determined to depart without seeing Catalina, and at others to see her once more, reproach her with having trifled with his happiness, and then bid farewell for ever.

CHAPTER XII.

Gilfillan and Sybrandt set out on a long journey.

GILFILLAN, in the mean time, had an interview with the governor, who informed him that a packet had just arrived from England with despatches apprizing him war had been declared between that country and France, and directing him to make immediate preparations to defend the frontier against the inroads of the French and Indians.

"It is necessary to notify the commanding officer at Ticonderoga with the least possible delay, and that the bearer of the message be acquainted with my views on the subject. I have selected you for that purpose. When can you be ready, colonel?"

"To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock."

"That won't do; you must be ready to-day; a vessel is waiting for you."

"Impossible, sir," exclaimed Gilfillan, abruptly, remembering his engagement with Sybrandt.

"How! impossible! why, what can prevent you? you are a single man, and a soldier should be ready at a moment's warning."

"But, your excellency, I have an engagement which I cannot violate."

"With a lady?"

"No, a gentleman."

"Well, I will make your excuses; so be ready in three hours."

"Impossible," cried Gilfillan again.

His excellency looked offended.

"Colonel Gilfillan," said he, "I cannot conceive any engagement possible which can excuse a soldier from the performance of his duty to his country."

"An affair of honour, sir?"

"No, not even an affair of honour, colonel. Your first duty is to your country; she has bought your services by bestowing honours on you, and you have no right to throw away a life which belongs to her. To whom are you pledged?"

"To Mr. Westbrook, sir."

"Whew!" ejaculated his excellency; "I understand the business now. But you shall place your honour in my hands, and I pledge you mine to make such explanations as shall save you harmless. Go, and be ready."

Gilfillan still lingered. "Colonel Gilfillan," said the governor, firmly, "either obey my orders or deliver me your sword. My business is pressing; yours may be deferred to another day; and I again pledge myself that your honour shall suffer no stain."

Gilfillan reflected a moment, and coldly replied, "I will be ready in one hour."

"Go, then, and make what preparations you can, and be here within that time. I will finish your despatches."

Gilfillan returned to his lodgings, and the first thing he did was to send the following note.

TO SYBRANDT WESTBROOK, ESQ.

Sir,

You will soon hear that war is declared between the cock and the lion; and this is to inform you that his excellency^h ordered me with des-

patches to the frontier. I must depart in an hour; consequently the settlement of our little private affair must lie over for the present. But there is a time for all things, and we must wait with patience. When you can wait no longer, you will find me, probably, somewhere about Lake George or Ticonderoga. You know the motto of my family is "Ready, ay ready." Adieu for the present.

B. F. M. GILFILLAN.

His next step was to stride away to the mansion of Mr. Aubineau, for the purpose of bidding farewell to Catalina, whom he surprised in a deep reverie, waiting the return of Sybrandt.

"Colonel Gilfillan," said she, haughtily, and in displeasure at being thus interrupted, "I neither wished nor expected this visit."

"Do not be angry, madam; I come to bid you a long farewell. The calumet is buried, the tomahawk is dug up, and the two old bruisers are going to have another set-to."

"Explain yourself, colonel."

"War, bloody war, madam. I set out in one hour for the frontier, and heaven only knows whether you will see poor Gilfillan again. Give him some hope; something to live upon when he is starving in the wilderness; some little remembrance to cheer him if he lives, or to hug to his heart when dying."

"I cannot hear such language, Colonel Gilfillan. Listen to me seriously, for I am going to speak seriously. I have been vain, silly, and unreflecting in suffering, as I have done, your attentions, flighty and half-jest as they seemed. I never thought you in earnest."

"Not in earnest! heavenly powers! have not my eyes, my tongue, my actions, my heart, a thousand times proved the sincerity of my passion. I loved you the first minute I saw you, and I shall love you the last moment I see the light of day."

"I am sorry for it."

"Sorry for it! sorry that a warm-hearted and, I will add, a generous, honourable soldier casts his heart at your feet, lives in your smiles, and holds his life at a pin's fee, when he dreams he can lay it down in your service? Upon my soul, madam, I can't for the soul of me see any cause for sorrow in that."

"I would not be the cause of misery to any human being."

"Ah! that's just what I love to hear you say. Then you will—you will be the cause of happiness to your poor servant?"

"I cannot in the way you wish."

"No! and why not, jewel of the world?" •

"I cannot return your affections."

"Faith, madam, and that is the last thing I wish. I don't want you to return my affections, only just to give me your own in exchange."

"My affections are not in my power."

"You puzzle me, angel of obscurity. Upon my soul, if we haven't power over our affections, I don't know what else we can command. I should as soon doubt my power to command a corporal's guard as my own heart."

"In one word, Colonel Gilfillan, I am engaged to another."

"O, that's only your hand."

"My heart went with it, sir."

"Yes, but you took it back again?"

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"No, sir, I gave it to Mr. Westbrook, and for ever."

"The man with the snuff-coloured breeches!—J—s, what is this world coming to?" thought Colonel Gilfillan. Then, overpowered by the genuine ardour of a brave and enterprising Milesian, he poured forth a flood of passionate eloquence. He besought her to love him, to marry him, to run away with him, to pity him, and, finally, to kill him on the spot. He fell on his knees, and there remained in spite of all her entreaties and commands. She was offended—what woman would not have been? She pitied him—what woman would not have done so? He seized her hands, and kissed them from right to left in a transport of impetuosity, and was gradually working himself up into a forgetfulness of all created things, except himself and his mistress, when he was awakened by the apparition of a man in a snuff-coloured suit just within side the door. He started on his feet chock full of blood, murder, and love.

"I beg pardon," exclaimed the snuff-coloured apparition. "I beg pardon for my accidental intrusion. Don't let me interrupt you, colonel," and straightway it disappeared.

Catalina started on her feet. "Leave me, sir," cried she, with angry vehemence. "Leave me this very instant, sir. You have destroyed my happiness for ever;" and she burst into a passion of tears.

The generous soul of Gilfillan was moved with this appearance of strong agony. "If," thought he, "she really loves this snuff-coloured man, I am the last person to disturb a mutual affection. Faith, I see it's all over with me; and now for the toma-

hawk and scalping knife. By my soul, I feel just now as if I could drink the blood of a Christian; as to your copper-coloured Pagans, by the glory of my ancestors, I'll pepper them."

At the conclusion of these wise reflections, he advanced towards Catalina, who retired with evident symptoms of fear and aversion.

"Miss Vancour," said Gilfillan, with solemnity, "do you really love this snuff-coloured gentleman?"

"I do—I have reason to love him; he twice saved my life."

"Then upon my soul, madam, I am sorry for what I have done, and ask your pardon."

He was proceeding to repeat the petition on his knees, when Catalina exclaimed with precipitation, "O! for Heaven's sake, no more of that!"

"Well then, madam, be assured that all that man can do to undo the harm I have done I will do—and so farewell—may you be ten thousand times happier than I should have been had you preferred me, and that's altogether impossible." So saying, he bowed with proud humility, leaving Catalina in that state of misery which combines the agony of the heart with the feeling of self-condemnation. "Had not my vanity tempted me to encourage this man," thought she, "I should have been spared the mortification of this present moment, the wretchedness I see in the future. The fault is all my own—would that the punishment might be so too; but I have wounded two generous, noble hearts."

On the departure of Gilfillan, Sybrandt in a state of desperation forced himself into the presence of our heroine, with a magnanimous resolution of relinquishing his claims, and declaring her free to marry whom she pleased. She received him with deep

humility, from whence all the pride of woman was banished. She attempted a faltering explanation.

"Sybrandt"—said she—"Sybrandt—I—I have something to say to you—I—"

"It is unnecessary; I know it all," replied he, proudly interrupting her. "Farewell, Catalina—you are free!"

A few hours after he was on his way to Albany. Gilfillan's note had apprized him of the necessary postponement of their meeting, and he hoped to overtake him at Albany, and there frankly relinquish all claim to Catalina. It was a hard struggle between revenge and a nobler feeling. Colonel Gilfillan, however, kept the start of him, and some time elapsed before they met again. Sybrandt returned home and buried his secret in his own bosom. When questioned by Colonel or Madam Vancour on the subject of Catalina, he answered sometimes with embarrassment, sometimes with negligence. They suspected something disagreeable had occurred, yet could not tell what. But public events soon occurred which occupied the almost exclusive attention of Colonel Vancour and his family. Rumours of wars, of burnings and massacres on the frontier, coming nearer and nearer every day, brought the sense of danger home to the very bosoms of the people of Albany and of the flats. Rural quiet was banished from the firesides of the peaceful Dutchmen; rural occupations ceased in the fruitful fields, and Ceres and Cupid, and all their train of harvests, flowers, fruits, sighs, smiles, hopes, wishes, promises, and deceits, gave place to gloomy anticipations of blood and massacre. Even little Ariel lost his vivacity at times, and no longer talked of ringing the pigs' noses. He took down his rusty musket, and polished it as bright

as silver. He employed himself in running bullets and other warlike preparations, and even meditated joining the army at Ticonderoga. "Damn it, Sybrandt," would he say, "suppose you and I make a campaign, hey?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Adieu a while to the Dutchman's Fireside.

SYBRANDT not only meditated, but had determined on such a course. About this time his old friend and host, Sir William Johnson, paid a visit to Colonel Vancour, to arrange with him a plan for subsisting the army in the uncultivated regions of Lakes George and Champlain. Sybrandt took the opportunity to offer his services, and Sir William gladly accepted them. "I want a volunteer aid," said he, "and you are the very man. When can you be ready?"

"In five minutes."

"Good; I like short answers, they are the signs of prompt actions. I will give you till the day after to-morrow."

Sybrandt went immediately to the good Dennis to announce his intention, and ask his consent to be a soldier. There was at that time a latent spark of warlike spirit alive in the bosom of the peaceful cultivators of the field. Every where the proximity of the Indians made a residence near the frontier, or indeed far from the cities and military stations, one of danger and alarm, and kept up a feeling of manly preparation.

"Thou shalt go, my boy. I am too old now to go myself, and thou shalt be my substitute. Thou shalt take the best horse from my stable; the truest servant of my household, and the warmest blessing of my heart, and go forth."

Sybrandt set about his preparations, and tried to banish every thing else from his recollection. The morning after his conversation with Sir William, he went over to Colonel Vancour's to tell him he was ready. The colonel and madam looked inquisitively in his face, and wondered if he would leave any message or letter for Catalina. But he never mentioned her name. "I must send for my daughter home," thought the good colonel. "I am glad this foolish engagement is broken off," thought his good wife; and her silk gown rustled with conscious pride at the thought of still living to be the mother of a real titled lady. That evening Sybrandt visited some of his old haunts. "I will see them before I go; perhaps I may never see them again." So he rambled out by himself alone, in the mild twilight of an early spring day. The sacred calm of the country, so different from the racket of the noisy town, disposed his soul to the tenderest melancholy. Past scenes and early recollections thronged on his memory, while he wandered along his accustomed paths, where every object reminded him of the woman who had trifled with his affections, and inflicted in his heart an incurable wound. By degrees, the thought of her ill treatment roused a salutary feeling of indignation; wounded pride came to the relief of his morbid sensibility. He shook the incumbent weight of sickly lassitude from his spirit, wiped the starting tear from his eye, and returned home with a manly resolution to meet his future fortunes, whatever these might be, with fortitude and resignation.

"Sybrandt," said Colonel Vancour, on taking leave after supper,—“Sybrandt, have you written to Catalina?”

"No, sir."

"Have you received any letters from her since your return?"

"None, sir."

"And what does all this mean, young man?"

"It means, sir," replied Sybrandt, almost choking with wounded pride and feeling,—“it means that—she will one day tell you what it means—I cannot.”

The next day Colonel Vancour wrote to his daughter to return home, under the protection of the wife of an officer he knew was on the eve of joining the army on the frontier.

By daylight Sir William and his aid joined a detachment on its march to Ticonderoga under the temporary command of the former. They rode for some distance, now and then encountering a solitary habitation; but leaving Glenn's Falls all traces of civilized man were lost in the vast uncultivated empire of nature. The corps which our hero accompanied formed part of a crack regiment, distinguished for its technical discipline, exquisite neatness, and veteran service in the wars of Europe. The soldiers were proud of their snow-white pantaloons, and the officers valued themselves on the splendours of their embroidery and epaulettes, which only furnished a mark for the savages, and cost many a gallant warrior his life. The first thing Sir William did was to attempt initiating them into some of the modes of Indian warfare. He set the officers the example of doffing their rich military accoutrements, and substituting a common soldier's coat, with the skirts cut off. He denounced all displays of glittering finery, which answered no other purpose here than enabling the savages to descry the

march of an enemy at a distance. The gunbarrels were blackened for the same purpose ; and for boots and spatterdashes he substituted Indian leggins of strong coarse cloth. But what mortified the vanity of these military heroes more than all, was his peremptory order to crop their fine powdered hair, which at that time was considered the most valued ornament of a soldier. The detachment had moreover been provided with a mighty kitchen apparatus of chairs, tables, cooking utensils, and other luggage, which, however convenient in European wars, was here in the wilderness a useless, nay, a dangerous encumbrance. It rendered their march through the tangled woods and untrodden paths more slow and difficult, and embarrassed them in the day of battle. Sir William, the first halt they made for refreshment, invited the officers to dine with him in his tent. Instead of chairs and tables, they found only bearskins spread on the ground, and their host seated on a log of wood, ready to receive them. When the dinner was brought in, which consisted of a large dish of pork and pease, Sir William coolly took out of his pocket a leathern pouch, and drawing forth a knife and fork, deliberately and with great gravity divided the meat, helping each to a portion. The gentlemen looked round for implements with which to eat their meat, but finding none, remained in awkward and indignant embarrassment.

"Gentlemen," said he, at length, "is it possible that soldiers destined for a service like ours have come without the necessary implements of this kind? Did you expect to find in the wilderness of America the means or the opportunity of enjoying the same luxuries and conveniences afforded in the heart of Europe? But you must not lose your dinner,"

added he, smiling, and directing the servant to furnish each of the guests with a knife and fork similar to his own, which he desired them to preserve with care. "It will be difficult to supply their loss where we are going," said he.

The officers, who were proud of their experience in the splendid wars of Europe, where the theatre was a world, and the spectators the people of a world, received these lessons of wisdom and experience as little less than insults. To be lectured by a PROVINCIAL OFFICER!—it was not to be borne! What could he know about the science of war, or the discipline of great armies, who never saw ten thousand regular troops together in his life? They grumbled, and put on the air of proud, enforced submission. But Sir William Johnson was not a man to be turned from his purpose by murmurs or opposition. He had been accustomed to be his own master and the master of others in the wilderness. He had, by the exercise of courage, talents, energy, and perseverance, conquered the stubborn minds of the proudest, the most daring and impracticable race that ever trod the earth, either in the Old or the New World. In short, among savage and civilized men he exercised the only divine right ever conferred on man—the right of leading and being obeyed on the ground of superior physical and mental energies.

Sybrandt admired and studied the character of this singular man, who combined as much mental and physical power as was ever perhaps concentrated in one individual. But our hero continued, notwithstanding his heroic resolution to shake off the depression of his spirits, to labour under the nightmare of indolent, gloomy lassitude. He spoke only when spoken to, and displayed little alacrity in per-

forming those military duties which Sir William committed to him, principally with a view to rouse his dormant energies into action. One day, as they were slowly ascending the mountain which bounds the southern extremity of Lake George, Sybrandt was more silent and abstracted than usual.

"Young man," abruptly exclaimed Sir William,—"young man, are you in love yet?"

Sybrandt was startled; and the red consciousness shone in his face.

"I am answered," said Sir William; "there is a written confession in your face. But look! we are at the summit of the mountain. The water you see studded with green islands, and bounded by those mountains tipped with gold, is Lake George. At the extremity of Lake George is Ticonderoga; at Ticonderoga is glory and danger. Resolve this instant to be a man; to devote yourself to the present and the future; to forget the past, at least so far as it interferes with the great duties a soldier owes to his country; or return home this instant. Young man, I did not bring you here to ruminate, but to act."

Sybrandt rode close up to him, and exclaimed, in a low, suppressed tone—

"Sir William Johnson, show me an enemy, and I will show myself a man."

"Good!" cried Sir William, slapping him on the shoulder, "good! I see you only want action; and by my soul, I will take care you shall have enough of it." They descended the mountain, and were accommodated that night in Fort George, close on the margin of the lake,—that beautiful lake, to which neither poetry nor painting can do justice, and which combines within itself every charm that con-

stitutes the divinity of nature. It was then the mirror of a wilderness ; now it reflects in its bosom all the charms of cultivation. Hither, in the summer season, when tired of the desperate monotony of Ballston and Saratoga, the wandering devotees of fashion, who seek pleasure every where except where it is to be found, resort, to become *ennui* with the beauties of nature, as they have with the allurements of art. It is indeed a charming scene for love, music, poetry, and inspiration ; to indulge in luxurious reveries ; to recall past times, meditate on future prospects, or gaze enraptured on the sublime and beautiful combination before us, and perchance recall

"Some ditty of the ancient day,
When the heart was in the lay."

CHAPTER XIV.

Sybrandt begins to act instead of think.

AFTER resting one night at Fort George, they proceeded in boats which were waiting for them down the lake, and in good time arrived at Ticonderoga. Here Sir William turned over the reinforcement he had brought with him to its proper division, and himself took command of the provincials and Indian allies; the latter consisting of the warriors of the Five Nations. The situation of Ticonderoga, or *Old Ti*, as it is familiarly called, enables it to command the best route between Canada and New-York, and, consequently, it had always been a bone of contention between the French and English, while the former possessed the Canadas and the latter the United States. At the period of which I am now speaking here was assembled the finest army that had hitherto been collected in one body in the New World, as to numbers, discipline, and appointments.

The commander was a brave, experienced, and capable officer; but he knew little of the nature of an irregular warfare in the wilderness against savages and woodmen, and, what was far worse, was too proud to learn. He might have found in Colonel Vancour and Sir William Johnson most able and efficient instructors; but he could not brook the idea of being schooled by *provincials*, and gloomy were the forebodings of these two experienced gentle-

men, during their last conference, that the obstinacy of the commanding general, in applying the tactics of Europe to this warfare of the woods, would be fatal to the expedition, and occasion the defeat, if not the destruction, of this fine army.

Sir William was not a man to be idle in such stirring times, or, indeed, at any time, and he determined that Sybrandt should have little leisure for devouring his own heart in idleness and disappointment. He accordingly detached him on various services ; sometimes to gain information of the motions of the enemy, who were said to be advancing in force ; sometimes with parties down Lake George to the fort of that name, which was a principal dépôt of supplies from Albany ; and at others to scour the woods in search of vagrant parties of hostile Indians, of whom large numbers were attached to the army of the enemy. In all these services Sybrandt acquitted himself with courage and discretion. " Bravo," would Sir William exclaim ; " you were made for a soldier—to command, not to obey—to lead men, not to be led by a woman. I see I shall make something of you. To-night I shall put you to the knife, and try your metal to the utmost."

" I am ready," answered Sybrandt.

" Listen then," replied Sir William. " Our general is a good soldier and an able officer, so far as mere bravery and an acquaintance with European tactics go. But he is not fit to command here ; he is not the Moses to lead armies through the wilderness. He is ignorant of his enemy, and undervalues him ; bad, both bad. He has not the least conception that an army of savages may be within twenty feet of him, and he neither see nor hear them. He cannot divest himself of the absurd notion, that they

must have baggage-wagons, and horses for their artillery, and depôts of provisions, and all the paraphernalia of a regular army on the plains of Flanders. He does not know that an army of savages are neither heard nor seen till they are felt, that they travel like the wind, and with as little encumbrance as the wind. He will consequently be taken by surprise and cut to pieces, unless I and my provincials and red-skins make up for his careless folly by our wise vigilance. Now to the point.

"From various indications, which none but an Indian or a backwoodsman can comprehend, I am fully satisfied that the enemy is in much greater force than he chooses to have believed; and this is what I want to be certain of before to-morrow morning, because I have been apprized by the general, that he considers it disgraceful to his majesty's arms to be cooped up in a fort by an inferior enemy. He means to march out in battle array to-morrow, with drums beating, colours flying, and every other device to apprise the enemy of his motions. If he does, it requires not the spirit of prophecy to predict that he will sacrifice, not only the interests of his country, but the lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of brave men. The service is perilous; why should I disguise it? it is almost certain death; but you are no common man; nay, I don't flatter you. I would pledge my life on your marching up to the cannon's mouth without winking an eye, if it were necessary. I would go myself on this service, but my rank and the command I hold makes it impossible."

"Name the service, Sir William. Life is of little value to me, and if—

"Pish!" exclaimed the knight, impatiently. Disgust of life is an ignoble impulse to heroic ac-

tions. I wish you to be animated by the love of your country and the desire of glory. Such motives are alone worthy of the man who risks his life in undertakings of extreme peril.

"Sir William Johnson," replied Sybrandt, proudly, "you are my superior in rank and in merit, if you please, but this gives you no right to insult my feelings, nor am I inclined to submit to it. As a soldier, do with me as you please."

"You are right, young man, and I beg your pardon. Well then, let your motive be what you please; if not ambition, love; both are equally powerful, if not equally noble. If your mistress is true, she will rejoice in your success; if she is false, the most noble revenge you can take will be to make her regret having lost the opportunity of participating in your fame. Give me your hand; are we friends again?"

Sybrandt received it with an acknowledgment of grateful and affectionate respect.

"What escort am I to have?" asked he.

"None; an escort would inevitably betray you. A boat and a single man to row it is all I can allow you."

"As you please; I am satisfied."

Sir William then proceeded to instruct him in the course he was to pursue. To go on this expedition by land would subject him to inevitable discovery. He was therefore to be furnished with an Indian canoe, with a single man to paddle it, and under cover of the night, which promised to be sufficiently dark, proceed silently down the narrow strait into Lake Champlain, only so far as that he could return with certainty before daylight. He was enjoined not to neglect this, for the narrowness of the strait,

lined as it was without doubt by parties of skulking Indians, would expose him to certain death, if once seen.

"Should you discover the position of the enemy," continued he, "you must depend upon your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! who is he?"

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New-Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New-Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighbouring settlements, in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely

wounded in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been 'playing' possum, raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighbouring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the mean time the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbours. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favourable to killing the "kritters," as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red skins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game, that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of these 'kritters.' It is a horrible

propensity: but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, all that man holds most close to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is, I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of "H-e-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside of the door. "That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies the 'kritters.' Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion of course bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt colour; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm,

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-m-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well—that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"The kriter is just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? h-e-e-m-m!"

"And you are all ready?"

"I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got every thing to hand."

"Have you any thing to eat by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days I sha'n't want any thing."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of these tarnil kritters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on, somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnil kritters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper,—"now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy, coaxingly, "now, *mayn't* I take a pop at one of the tarnal kritters, if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you, No !" replied the other ; " unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle ; and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

CHAPTER XV.

A Night Adventure.

"It's plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one colour, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees, that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing,—at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whisht!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just

over the side of the boat, to discover if possible the reason of Timothy's manœuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more, and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun, and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying jist like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards—the krittlers; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were krittlers, as you call the Indians!"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sy-

brandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for happening to look towards the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the krittlers," whispered Timothy, exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No!"

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen

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or English. We must get right in the midd these krittters. Can you creep on all-fours wi waking up a cricket?"

"No!"

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir Wil meant by sending you with me. I could have better by myself. Are you afeard?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the m: The krittters are camped out—I see by their fir by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every th but you must keep close to me, do jist as I do. say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mi Set down close; make no noise; and if you g sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Tim proceeded towards the lights, which appeared n farther off in the darkness than they really v handling his paddle with such lightness and terity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. this manner they swiftly approached the enc: ment, until they could distinguish a confused r of shoutings and hallooings, which gradually b on their ears in discordant violence. Tim stopped his paddle and listened.

"It is the song of those tarnal krittters, the was. They're in a drunken frolic, as they alv are the night before going to battle. I know krittters, for I've popped off a few, and can talk sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget wh told you about doing as I do, and holding your tong

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the light canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters. "Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face, and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind," whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these krittlers, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the krittlers are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning lustre of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on

the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away, when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red-coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously towards the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Huh!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged; and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife."

"Good," said the other; "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eying Sybrandt with suspicion ; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

" I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe ?"

" He is ; but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

" How did he escape ?"

" He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

" Good," said the Utawas ; and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed towards Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

" Good," said the Utawas again ; " I am satisfied ; the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

" We have just come in time," said Timothy. " Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow ?"

" He does."

" Has he men enough to fight them ?"

" They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coursours de bois*, which composed the army ; the time when they were to commence their march ; the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in

the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Uttawas chief nodded from side to side; then sunk down like a log, and remained insensible to every thing around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for a while, then turned himself over, and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone :

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober." They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then seizing up the tomahawk of the Uttawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood

over him for a moment, with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or in any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of the krittters, as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William ; but the latter at length triumphed, and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came ; launched their light canoe, and plied their paddles with might and main. "The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that ?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you too, I *guess*," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology ; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I ? I must be a poor kritter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the

foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising towards the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty kritter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had bin an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands towards our hero, and eagerly exclaimed—

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humouredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he as he departed; "but some how or other I love to look at the kritters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you

have acted from higher motives and at least equal courage and resolution. His majesty shall know of this ; and, in the mean time, call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know of what you heard and saw."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Bush Fight.

SYBRANDT bowed his thanks. The idea of being named with commendation to *the king* was sufficient honour at that time to a modest provincial. But he had a still higher in the thought that Catalina would hear of his honours, and perhaps regret, as Sir William had hinted, that she could no longer hope to share them. With these inspiring anticipations he accompanied Sir William to the presence of the commander-in-chief; they found him surrounded by a number of officers, among whom he was startled to see Colonel Gilfillan, who had just returned from a mission to New-York, whither he had been despatched by the general the very day Sybrandt joined the army at Ticonderoga. They recognised each other by a stately bow and a flush of the cheek.

When his excellency had heard the report of Sybrandt, and commended his intrepidity, he announced his intention to sally forth and surprise the enemy, instead of remaining cooped up in their defences like cowards.

"Caution is not cowardice," observed Sir William. "It is certain that the enemy exceeds us in numbers. As to surprising them, it is sufficient to say they have two thousand Indians with them. Might I advise, sir, I would respectfully suggest that

we remain here and receive the enemy in our intrenchments, where we can keep them at bay until their Indian allies desert them, as they certainly will after being beaten back a few times. In addition to being thus weakened, the want of necessary supplies will soon oblige them to abandon the siege. When they retire, then will be the time to come out upon them: a retreating enemy is half conquered."

His excellency the commanding general did not relish this wise counsel, for at least two very substantial reasons. He disdained to be governed by the advice of a *provincial officer*, and he had been brought up in the solemn conviction that one Englishman was a match for two Frenchmen by land or by water. The young officers of the line, in scarlet coats and gorgeous epaulettes, were all of the same opinion, with the exception of one, who, had he lived in happier times, and served in a sphere less obscure, would have left behind him a name equally illustrious with those of Wolfe, Montgomery, and Montcalm—that admirable soldier, whose glory even defeat could hardly obscure. It was therefore determined that the army should march out against the enemy, and orders were immediately given for that purpose. As the officers separated to their respective destinations Sybrandt sought a meeting with Gilfillan, who favoured his wishes exceedingly.

"Colonel Gilfillan," said he, "permit me to remind you of a certain affair in New-York which still remains unsettled." The sight of Gilfillan had banished all his former pacific resolutions.

"Major Westbrook," said the other, "to-day for our country, to-morrow for Catalina."

"You remind me of a higher duty; to-morrow be it;" and he touched his hat, and bowed with a soldierlike courtesy

"To-morrow," replied Gilfillan, touching his hat likewise, and bowing still lower. And thus they parted for the present.

"Come, Westbrook," said Sir William, "let us go and make our wills. To-morrow, if I am not mistaken, many a poor fellow of us will have a lock of hair the less upon his head. But never mind, death is certain, and duty imperative. I cannot approve, but to-morrow you shall see Sir William Johnson what he always has been and always will be—faithful to his country, whether he approves or disapproves.

The whole of this busy day was spent in preparing for the departure of the army, which took place early the next morning. The shores of Lake Champlain had never before witnessed so gallant an array of martial splendours, nor the solitudes of her hills ever resounded to such a blast of rousing music as now echoed in their deepest recesses, scaring the eagles from their inaccessible eyries, and the wild deer from their impenetrable retreats. The officers of the regular army, as the native British troops were called, were all in the highest spirits, anticipating victory and promotion. But the old gray-headed provincials, who were better versed in border warfare, shook their heads and marched forth in gloomy resignation, foreseeing in this careless confidence of the general the certainty of disaster and defeat. The hot-headed red-coats tauntingly ascribed their deportment to cowardice or disaffection; but it was nothing more than the fearful augury of experience—a prophetic insight into the future, founded on a knowledge of the past.

The march was necessarily fatiguing, owing to the obstructions every where opposed to them by

the rough inequalities of a country as yet almost in a state of nature. Add to this, they were encumbered with an inconvenient and unnecessary quantity of baggage, which rendered their progress more slow and laborious. In vain did Sir William and some of the old provincial officers impress on the general the necessity of sending out experienced spies in advance to scour the thick woods into which they were now penetrating ; in vain did they urge the halting of the army for repose and refreshment. He was inflated with a stupid and obstinate idea that he was going to take the enemy by surprise, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, in his eagerness to gain his object, neglected the means necessary to guard against a similar disaster.

It was about the middle of a long sultry summer afternoon that the army became embarrassed in passing through a tract of wet ground, covered with a forest of those majestic trees which give such sublimity to our primeval woods. The heat was intense, although they were in the midst of impenetrable shades ; for the air was dense and stagnant, and the want of a free circulation was more than equivalent to the absence of the sun. The road, if road it might be called, which was little more than a space about thirty yards wide cleared of wood, became deeper and more embarrassing as they advanced, and soldiers and horses began to pant, and falter, and stick fast in the mud. At the moment when the whole army was thus entangled and struggling under fatigue, heat, and hunger, a horrible shout, followed by a discharge of guns in front and rear, and all around them, rung in their ears, and struck a chill into the stoutest heart. White skins and red skins seemed, like the fabled armies we read of, to spring

out of the ground ; every trunk of a tree sent forth death and destruction into the beleaguered host, and invisible hands pointed invisible guns, and launched invisible arrows. Here was no wheeling to the right or to the left, or forming of columns, or concentrating of battalions, or any of the practised evolutions of European warfare. Each man had his individual foe, and each man fought his own desperate fight.

The moment the yell echoed through the forest Sir William exclaimed to Sybrandt, who was marching at his side, weary and disheartened,

"There they are ! I thought as much. They headlong blockhead !"

"Your commands, Sir William," eagerly answered the other.

"Commands ! nobody commands now, but the great Leader of the hosts of heaven. The law of nature is come again, and all are equal here. Every man for himself, and God for us all !" shouted he in a voice that echoed through the forest, as he drew a pistol and dashed, as fast as the woods and marshes would permit, in the direction of the horrible yellings that still continued. Sybrandt followed, or rather kept at his side. But there was no enemy to be seen, though every instant the officers, in their red coats and splendid embroidery, fell dead by invisible hands.

"We are fighting with shadows," said Sir William, as the balls and tomahawks flew about, barking the trees or entering the flesh of the devoted men falling victims to the folly of one alone.

By degrees, though quicker than I can relate it, parties of the Five Nations rallied round their old leader, and Sir William soon saw himself at the

head of a considerable number. With these he commenced his operations in the regular style of bush-fighting, to which all other modes of warfare are mere children's play. Each man then depends on his own skill, cunning, and daring; each man concentrates his soul and body in efforts for self-preservation alone, and the impulse of glory is changed to the instinct of love of life. The fight soon became equal between the hostile Indians and Sir William and his valiant Mohawks, who still continued the objects of terror to all the savages from the Atlantic to the shores of Lake Superior. Old King Hendrick, who was with them, still retained his courage and vigour, and seconded his friend Sir William—whom he once *dreamed* out of a suit of regimentals—with all his might and cunning. Nor was friend Sybrandt idle. He, as well as all the rest, now fought on foot, either from choice or necessity; and, as the obstructions of the ground prevented acting in concert, he was frequently engaged in personal contests with the hostile party. But the Indians never, if they can help it, or unless under circumstances of particular advantage, like to match their physical powers with the white man, either because they know their own superiority in the manœuvres of bush-fighting, or the superiority of the other in vigour and perseverance.

It so happened, however, that Sybrandt, who had now received two or three flesh-wounds, which had somewhat weakened him in the devious vicissitudes of the fight, encountered an Indian, who seemed the principal or one of the principal leaders of the hostile band. He wore a suit of buckskin fitting close to his body, and a military cap with feathers. He had a tomahawk in his hand, which seemed to be

his only weapon. The sole defence of Sybrand was a loaded pistol, with what was very rare at that time, a double barrel. It was one of a pair which constituted the only inheritance he received from his father. With cautious malice the Indian and the white man eyed each other; the former keenly scrutinizing the latter to ascertain his means of defence, and Sybrandt displaying equal curiosity. The chief was at length satisfied that Sybrandt was unarmed, he having, at first sight of the savage, concealed his pistol for the purpose of disarming his caution. He accordingly approached our hero with uplifted tomahawk, still however with the characteristic caution of his race, until Sybrandt thought him sufficiently near, when he discharged one of his barrels, but not with a true aim. The ball just grazed his shoulder. The chief, supposing him now at his mercy, rushed upon him, but was received by a dead shot of the other barrel. It entered his heart, and he fell dead.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Sir William, who just at that moment made his appearance, covered with blood and dirt. "Bravo, major, you have done good service. That is the very head and soul of the hostile Indians. The moment they miss him they will disperse. The feat shall make you a colonel, if we survive this day."

And it happened as he had predicted. By degrees the Indians remitted their attacks, and as the news of the death of their great chief was whispered among them, they discontinued their hostilities, and gradually disappeared.

"The battle is over in this quarter," said the knight, and called his Mohawks to follow him in the direction where the firing still continued. Here

they found a scene of complicated confusion and carnage, principally, however, all on one side. The British army had been taken at such disadvantage, and knew so little of this mode of warfare, that their efforts were entirely inefficient. The provincials alone made some effectual resistance, and when reinforced by Sir William and his Mohawks, were at length able to repulse the enemy, who retired in perfect order, and with scarcely any loss. In passing thus from one extremity of the fight to the other, Sybrandt became separated from his companions in the obscurity of the wood. While seeking the direction for joining them again, he heard something like a faint halloo at a little distance. After a moment's reflection he made his way towards the sound with the caution becoming his situation, until at length, peering about beneath the branches, he discovered an officer lying at the foot of a tree, with his body partly raised and resting against it. At a little distance was an Indian grasping a knife, cautiously advancing, with an evident intention to practise upon him the bloody rites of savage barbarity. The face of the officer was turned towards Sybrandt, and, pale as it was, he at once recognised Gilfillan. In a moment the history of the past rushed upon his mind, and in a moment he lived over his former anger, regrets, and disappointments. All these were merged the next moment in one generous feeling. He determined to rescue his rival at every risk. Levelling his pistol with a steady aim, he waited the approach of the savage, who was so intent upon his bloody purpose that he did not perceive him. When about half a dozen paces from Gilfillan, Sybrandt fired, and the Indian dropped. In another moment he was at the

side of Gilfillan, who held out his hand to him, and said, faintly,

“Major Westbrook, I thank you ;—not for my life, for that is gone past all recovery, I think ; but you have saved my skin from being ripped from my head ; and, by my soul, I am grateful. I have something to say to you ; and the sooner I can say it the better.”

At this moment Sybrandt perceived a second Indian approaching with his tomahawk. He attempted to rise and meet him, but he had been bleeding imperceptibly for several hours, and his strength was now quite gone. He sunk down again insensible, at the instant that he heard the report of a gun, and the exclamation, “Take that, you tarnal kriiter.”

CHAPTER XVII.

An Explanation.

THIS was a bloody day for England and her colonies, and its consequences fatal to the success of their combined arms during the remainder of the war. The shattered remnant of the army found its way back to Ticonderoga, two thousand less than it went out. But fortunately the French did not pursue, owing to the defection of their Indian allies; they being as usual discouraged by their losses, which had been great, owing to the bravery and conduct of Sir William Johnson and his Mohawks. They employed themselves in running about the wood where the battle was fought, plundering the slain, and inflicting the last act of barbarity upon those in whom life remained. Many a gallant soldier fell in this forest-fight who deserved a more illustrious field and a more worthy commemoration than mine. Among these was Lord Howe, of whom the records of the times speak as of one whose high honour, signal courage, and martial abilities gave promise of a life of glory and success. But what are the auguries of hope, even when drawn from such well-founded inspirations as these, but the heralds of disappointment?

For some hours there was a blank in the life of our hero; and that the blank did not last for ever was owing to his trusty companion of the night but one before, Timothy Weasel. Timothy had joined

the army that day as a volunteer, or rather amateur, and long afterward boasted that he had sacrificed one of the krittters to the shade of each of his murdered family. After rescuing Sybrandt and Gilfillan from the savage in the manner just related, he came up to the young men, the former of whom he found insensible. He examined his wounds, of which his long experience in the trade of vengeance had made him no indifferent judge.

"Is he dead?" asked Gilfillan, faintly.

"Only in a swoond," replied Timothy; "the blood is almost out of his body, and that's mostly what's the matter with him. It's a pity he should die of nothing, as I may say; for I can tell you he's a decent sort of a krittter—he isn't afeard of nothin."

"I know that—I owe him my rescue from the scalping knife, and I would give what remains of life, if it were a thousand times as much, to save him. Can't it be done?"

Timothy considered a moment. "It's likely it may. Stay here till I come back, and, mind don't neither of you stir a peg from the place."

"There's no danger of that," answered Gilfillan, with a melancholy smile, glancing his languid eye from his broken leg to the inanimate body of Sybrandt.

Timothy strode away in haste, leaving the two young men to await his return. He staid till the shadows of evening began to fall; and Gilfillan, worn out with pain, anxiety, and weakness, had sunk down by the side of our hero. In this situation they were found by Sir William, who had been apprized by Timothy of their melancholy state. He lost not a moment, but came, conducted by Timothy, with a body of his Mohawks to their relief.

In a few minutes they made a litter of boughs, on which they placed the two wounded soldiers, and forthwith bent their way as fast as possible for Ticonderoga. The motion of the litter put into circulation the little blood that yet lingered in Sybrandt's veins, and brought him by degrees to a consciousness of his situation. Gilfillan also came to himself betimes. It was morning before the party arrived at the intrenched camp: the cold dews of the night had operated on the exhausted frames of the young soldiers, and chilled them almost into ice; so that when they arrived it was a moot point whether they were dead or alive. Immediate care was taken to dispose of them as comfortably as possible, and the assistance of surgeons obtained.

The wounds of Sybrandt were found in no way dangerous of themselves; but it was feared that loss of blood and exposure to the night air might be followed by consequences that would endanger his life. The situation of Gilfillan was still more critical. A ball had struck his knee, and shattered it in a terrible manner. The surgeons at once pronounced the necessity of amputation the next day, when his strength was a little restored. A groan, such as his previous sufferings had never forced from him, marked the feeling with which the handsome Gilfillan received this annunciation; but he uttered not a word. They were in the same room together, at the request of Gilfillan, who lay awake that night, restless and feverish. Sybrandt was also so much exhausted that he had scarcely strength to sleep; and ever and anon he could hear Gilfillan mumbling to himself in tones of feverish indistinctness, "They sha'n't make a sight of me." "What's the use of paying such a price for life?" "What will the girls say to my wooden leg?" and such like exclamations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Burial of a gallant Soldier.

ALL that day, and until the next morning, Gilfillan was at times delirious with pain and fever; but towards the evening he came to himself, was entirely free from pain, and addressed Sybrandt coherently.

"You feel better?" said Sybrandt, hopefully.

"I feel no pain now."

"Then you must be better."

"I *am* better—my sufferings are past—by sunset I shall be well."

Sybrandt understood him, and did not reply. After a silence of a few minutes, Gilfillan spoke again.

"Westbrook," said he, faintly, "can you lift me that little trunk on the table?"

"I cannot stand," said the other.

"Perhaps *I* can reach it;" and with an effort he raised himself, and managed to reach it himself, though he almost sunk under the exertion. The attendant came in at that moment to expostulate against his talking.

"Pooh!" said Gilfillan, "go about your business, will you? But stay; I want you to bear witness that I charge Major Westbrook with this trunk. As to the rest, I don't care who has it. Now go away." The attendant retired.

"Westbrook," continued he, after a pause, "there is a picture in this trunk which belongs to you. I procured it like a rogue, and I restore it like an honest man, now that it can be of no further use to me. There are some little keepsakes of my sister, who married and died in France. Give them to Catalina; she need not be afraid of my claiming them when I am dead. My watch you will take the first opportunity of sending home to my father. I can't write to him—but you will do it. Say to him that I blessed his old gray head, and died a true son of my father and of old Ireland. There is a seal attached to it, with my crest—the crest of the ancient Connaught kings; wear that for my sake, and—"

Here his ideas seemed to become indistinct; at least Sybrandt could not understand what he said for a minute or two.

"Westbrook," whispered he, "I am going."

"Shall I call assistance?"

"No; but I wish I could reach your hand, to give it one shake. No matter—we are friends. God bless you—my father—Catalina—old Ireland!"

The last words were almost unheard by Sybrandt, and in a little while the soul of the gallant Gilfillan was on its way to that country which all visit in turn; of which none know any thing but the dead, who "tell no tales."


Gilfillan was buried with the honours of war,—one of the most solemn and affecting ceremonies that can be offered to our contemplation. The scene and the occasion combined to render it peculiarly striking and magnificent. The remnant of the army followed his remains to the grave with

arms reversed and muffled drums, while the whole concentrated band poured forth the rich and tender music of "Ellen-a-Roon," the favourite air of the dead soldier. The minute-guns roared among the recesses of the mountains, and echoed along the lake, as the ceremony proceeded; and three rounds of musketry announced that the body of the gallant Gilfillan was deposited in the bosom of its mother earth.

"It is over!" exclaimed Sybrandt, who had lain stretched on his bed, listening to the strain of music and the roaring artillery. "He is gone, poor fellow! perhaps I shall soon follow." The thought was not pleasant; for he felt that he had something to live for now.

The French army had been prevented from immediately following up its victory—for such it was, in fact—by the disaffection and insubordination of the Indians, who formed an indispensable ingredient in these border wars. They had suffered severely, gained little plunder, and become tired of the service; for perseverance in war forms no part of their character. It was with difficulty they could be kept together; and this circumstance afforded a respite to the English force, which, reduced as it now was, took the opportunity to retreat to the head of Lake George.

During this period, the situation of Sybrandt continued very critical. His wounds were of little consequence; but the loss of blood, the exposure to the night-air, and the subsequent agitation of his mind occasioned by the explanation with Gilfillan, brought on a slow fever, which threatened fatal consequences. Such was his weakness, that, though his friend Sir William paid the kindest attention to his



ease and comfort, he scarcely survived his removal by water to Fort George, and was brought there in a state that rendered recovery almost hopeless.

In the mean time Catalina had returned to the house of her father ; but not the Catalina who had left it the autumn before. After the departure of Sybrandt, Gilfillan, and Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton, she had nothing to gratify either her affection or her vanity. The resources of dissipation and flirtation, so frequently successful in curing the wounds of the heart, all failed her. Nothing was talked or thought of but the war ; all business and gayety was at a stand ; and the officers, who constituted the ingredient which gave a zest to balls, parties, and general society, were all gone to the frontier. She had, therefore, ample leisure for reflection and regret. Though she blamed Sybrandt for not entering into the very recesses of her heart, and seeing himself there struggling with a little troop of vanities and caprices for mastery, still she could not in conscience deny that he had sufficient apparent cause, at least, for his desertion ; and thus to the disappointment of her hopes was added the sting of self-reproach. Her vivacity departed ; her colour faded ; and the rich fulness of her form, where youth and health had united—with a happy consciousness of the present, a sanguine anticipation of the future—to consummate the face and figure of a Hebe, gave place to paleness, lassitude, and indifference. To this succeeded a fretful impatience to go home, which was met by an equal though secret impatience on the part of Mrs. Aubineau to be rid of her. That good lady never, to the last day of her life, forgave Catalina her folly in not jumping at the opportunity of becoming a titled lady.

In this state of things the summons of Colonel Vancour for his daughter to return home was a relief equally welcome to Catalina and her lady hostess. The guest who is tired of the hostess, and the hostess tired of her guest, are remarkably civil at parting. Nothing could surpass the affectionate farewell of Mrs. Aubineau except the grateful acknowledgments of Catalina. Let not our stern moral readers—for the sternest moralists now regularly put on their spectacles to read a new novel—let them not cast the bitterness of their censures upon this elegant simulation. What would this world be, and who would or could live in it, if every body blurted out the secret feelings of their hearts in each other's faces? Neither friendship, nor love, nor the ties of kindred, let them be ever so strongly knit, could stand such a test. They would perish and be rent in twain by the rough application of such a touchstone. Civility and good words are not perhaps so much actual hypocrisy, as the triumph of reflection and propriety over the impulses of prejudice and ill-nature.

CHAPTER XIX.

Catalina returns Home.

CATALINA embarked in one of those Albany packets which then constituted the only vehicles of transportation on the noble Hudson, under the protection of the wife of an officer occupying a high station on the frontier. The scene and the season were scarcely more different from those which presented themselves on her journey down the river, than were her feelings and anticipations at the two periods. But the changes, though great, bore no resemblance to each other. They formed a perfect contrast. Then the hopes of Catalina were blossoming in full luxuriance, while the beauties and the flowers of nature were faded into the gay yet melancholy hues of the departing year. Now the young and fresh products of the genial spring, the air, the woods, the birds, the insects, the voice and the face of nature, all breathed, and moved, and whispered, and sung of renovated joy and animated nature. Not so with Catalina. She represented not the smiling, blushing, full luxuriance of spring's rosy-lipped goddess, but the faded, and still fading charms of autumn's melancholy, musing, silent representative.

The vessel proceeded prosperously before the sweet south winds, but, sad to say, was four days on her passage. What a loss of time! for people that have nothing to do especially. Had our heroine been fortunately born in this age of developement—

even in this behindhand hemisphere—she might have been home in twelve hours! But if she had been still more distinguished by Providence, and been born, not only in this happy age, but in such a happy country as old England, she might peradventure have travelled to Albany on a railroad at the rate of sixty miles an hour! What a prodigious saving of time! and if the business of young ladies consisted in saving time, what a prodigious advantage in this rapid travelling!—I beg pardon, the march of improvement has ordained I should say locomotion—she might have arrived at home in less than three hours!

“Well, sir, and what if she had?”

Why, sir, she would have saved such a prodigious deal of time! she would have got home three days sooner to her friends.

“And missed the anticipation of seeing them all that time?”

Pooh! what is anticipation compared to the reality?

“Ask any old lady or gentleman you meet, and they will tell you.”

My dear sir, then the short and the long of the matter is, you don't think fast travelling an improvement?

“Faith not I. I believe if the happiness, or the interests, or the superiority of man had in any way depended on fast travelling, Providence would have made a race-horse of him, or furnished his honour with a pair of eagle's wings.”


My good sir, you are a century behind the spirit of the age.

“Never mind; one of these days I shall get into a locomotive engine and overtake it.”

So Catalina, poor girl, was upwards of four days in getting to Albany. Does not the fair reader, who, peradventure, at the moment of reading this, sits at a window with our book in her hand, looking at the whiskered beaux as they pass up and down Broadway—does she not shudder at this dead loss of time—this blank in the existence of poor Catalina? Perhaps she is anticipating a visit to the Springs, to Long-Branch, or Nahant, and grows pale at the very anticipation of a four days' passage, involving four days of absence from these happy retreats of people whose time is so precious. Let us see what privations this delay involves. The loss of at least forty-eight tumblers of Congress water—of four execrable dinners—of four restless, uncomfortable nights—a subscription ball—three dozen changes of dress—and three hundred and seventy-five desperate yawns, at the Springs—of four or five bathings on the beach, followed by four or five shiverings when the sea-breeze comes in—of the pleasure of seeing the ladies make their transits to and fro from the waves, looking not like the fabled goddess rising from the ocean, but, with reverence be it spoken, like old clothes-women when they go in and drowned rats when they come out—of spending day after day in a delightful variety of eating, drinking, and sleeping—sleeping, eating, and drinking—and drinking, eating, and sleeping—of being obliged to devour your dinners quicker than they do in a manufactory or a steamboat, and discuss crabs and tough mutton against time—to sleep before dinner and after dinner, and between dinner and tea; finally, to endure the exemplary tyranny of Mrs. Sears, and suffer under the worst of all despotisms, that of a petticoat government, at Long Branch:—

or to pass all day watching for the sea-serpent—to magnify every porpoise into his likeness—to see the ripples of the waves assume the likeness of his joints, and to exercise the last degree of human credulity in believing in the existence of that fabled monster under the penalty of being frowned on by the young ladies, and denounced by their honoured fathers as freemasons, Jackson men, and unbelievers, at Nahant. To think that a young lady or gentleman of enlightened views and cultivated intellect should lose four days of all or any of these delights for lack of a steamboat or locomotive is enough to discompose the machinery of a hundred-and-twenty-horse-power-engine. Yet to all this was Catalina subjected, without being a whit the wiser or more miserable on that account. Where “ignorance is bliss,” &c.—every body knows the rest, at least every body that reads poetry and novels—that is to say, every body that can read.

Catalina, however, in spite of the backwardness of the age, got home at last. *Festina lente*, said Augustus Cæsar, and so say I. Nobody ever did any thing well in a hurry, except running away. She was received by her honoured parents with tender welcome, and she received that welcome with tears flowing from a hundred recollections of the past. The first caresses being over, they had leisure to observe her altered appearance, which they did with a silent interchange of anxious looks. They however said nothing; they suspected its cause, and this was not the time or the occasion to allude to the subject. But honest Ariel, who was on the high ropes with joy at her return, and never wandered out of the little circle of the present moment, being suddenly struck with her paleness, as suddenly exclaimed,



"Why, Catalina—why, d—n it, what's the matter? you look like a ghost!"

"Nothing, uncle," answered she, and burst into tears.

"Why, d—n it now, why, don't cry; I didn't mean to—to—" and honest Ariel, whose heart melted like a dish of butter in the sun, fairly wept to keep her company.

"She is fatigued with her voyage," said the considerate mother, "and had better lie down a little while before dinner. Come, my dear," and Catalina followed her mother to her chamber.

"I'll be shot if I know what to make of all this," exclaimed Ariel, wiping his eyes.

"Nor I," thought the colonel, "but we shall know in good time. Her mother will get it all out of her before to-morrow."

And so she did. The fact is, she knew it all before from her friend, Mrs. Aubineau. But she had no objection to hear it again; for, thought she, a good story never loses by telling.

"Ah! Catalina," exclaimed she, shaking her head, "you'll never live to be a titled lady, I'm afraid."

"I shall never live to be any thing, I believe," replied Catalina, and her tears flowed apace.

"The *honourable* Colonel Gilfillan," said madam, "is, I believe, on the frontier."

"I wish," thought Catalina, "he were any where, so I might never see his face again."

"And Sybrandt Westbrook is there, too."

Catalina did not wish *he* was where she might never see him again, though the old lady, I believe, did.

"He is a jealous-pated fool," said madam.

"Who, dear mother?"

"Sybrandt."

"Indeed, mother, you are mistaken," said she, firmly.

"Then you gave him cause," said madam, in a tone rather of exultation.

"Indeed, I did not—that is, if he had known my real feelings he would have been satisfied."

"Ah!" thought the mother, "it's an old story for girls to behave like little d—ls to their lovers, and then blame them because they cannot see into their hearts. They might as well try to see into the inside of"—she could not find a comparison to suit her exactly, but I believe a pumpkin came into her head.

Madam told the old gentleman all about it, and immediately after went to Albany, for a purpose that nobody about her could fathom, though I have a shrewd guess. But I will not betray the secrets of the old lady, though, rest her soul, she is dead long ago, and I am not afraid of ghosts. All I can disclose is, that some days after this mysterious journey, the affair of Catalina was talked of at several tea-parties, though nobody could ever discover how it leaked out.

"I shall write to Sybrandt, and set matters right," quoth the straightforward old gentleman, Colonel Vancour.

"What!" screamed madam and Catalina, both together—"what, and tell I am *dying* for him! O, father, I'd rather be dead!"

"I'd rather see her—married to the honourable Colonel Gilfillan," thought the old lady.

"It can be no impeachment to the delicacy of a young lady to relieve her lover from any erro-

neous impressions of her conduct You know he loved you, and that is sufficient."

"But, father, he may have fallen in love with somebody else since."

"O, certainly," exclaimed the colonel, smiling, "with some beautiful squaw—er."

"Alas! men have no sensibility," thought Catalina, with a sigh, "when my father makes a jest of the soul-subduing passion!"

People grow wiser as they grow older, my dear little heroine, or at any rate they grow more selfish, and that is often mistaken for wisdom. For my part, *tempora mutantur, &c.*; times change and men change with them; but this does not prove that either change for the better.

Catalina opposed writing to Sybrandt, and so did her mother, although she could not help feeling anxious about the depressed health and spirits of her daughter. "Nobody ever died of love though," thought she, and she thought right. It is not a disease in itself, but it often produces diseases that sap the sources of life, and bring on a premature decay. The process is slow but sure. Be this as it may, the colonel had two to one against him, and they were women. The colonel was but a man—so he grumbled and submitted. What could man do more?

CHAPTER XX.

An anti-charitable Chapter.

I COULD never yet, to this blessed hour, satisfy myself whether Catalina was most glad or most sorry at thus carrying her point. At any rate it was one of Pyrrhus's victories, and she never wished to gain such another. She was now free to indulge the luxury of grief; but grief, like all other luxuries, soon ceases to be a luxury. It is one of the most tiresome things in the world for a constancy. It does very well for a burst or a paroxysm; but for every day, and all day long—for every night, and all the livelong night—human nature cannot stand it, and seeks refuge from the carking, gnawing fiend in the performance of its duties to itself and to others. Blessed necessity!

Catalina forced herself to enter upon the employments and duties of domestic life; and whoever seeks employment will soon take an interest in what they are doing. There are a thousand little acts of duty, or kindness, or attention which woman, and only woman, can perform, and which neither interfere with the delicacy of a lady, nor the acquirement and practice of elegant accomplishments. The union, I confess, is not common; but I have seen women, and thank heaven for it, who united both the will and the power to be useful with the utmost polish of mind and manners, and the highest intellectual

attainments becoming the sex. I wish I could meet a few more of them. But if they were common, they would no longer be a rarity; and if they were no longer a rarity, nobody would prize them. Doubtless it is best as it is. Let us bow with humble resignation, and thank our stars, as menfolk, that there are so many of the sex who are not all angel; for if there were more of them quite perfect, where under the sun should we find men worthy of them.

Catalina was calculated to be both a blessing and an ornament to her home, a jewel in the bosom of a husband, or she would never have been chosen as our heroine from all the rest of her sex. Though not perfect, she was a perfect woman; and whoever is not satisfied with that, let him die the death of a bachelor. There was a library too in the mansion of Colonel Vancour, which, though principally composed of majestic Latin tomes of the Dutch school, was here and there relieved by works of a lighter nature. There were but few novels, but being a rarity, they were the more seducing, and being right excellent, they would bear to be read frequently. They did not depend altogether on the momentary excitement of the story, but possessed latent beauties which gradually opened themselves like rosebuds to the morning sun at every new perusal. Besides these, Catalina had music and friends, and the liberality of her father allowed her the means of procuring every rational enjoyment.

What a shame to be unhappy with so many sources of happiness! Yet our heroine was not happy. There was one thing wanting, and that was a want of the heart. It was the companion of her childhood; the choice of her youth; the pre-

server of her life. She often visited the spot where the terrible conflict with Captain Pipe took place, and always returned with renewed regrets; she could not sit at her window and look into the garden without recalling to mind the perils she had encountered, and the life she owed to the watchful tenderness of her lover; nor could she walk in any direction without something or other presenting itself which brought him to her remembrance clothed with every claim to her tenderness and gratitude. But she had lost him, and that by her own weak vanity.

Yet she did not yield to the weakness of her heart. She tried every resource, and finally that of teaching children to read and write. During her absence in New-York, Madam Vancour had been seized with a passion for doing good on a great scale—a dangerous propensity in woman, because it is apt to degenerate into the weakness of indiscriminate charity. To relieve the distresses of mankind without encouraging their vices, their idleness, and extravagance is a nice and delicate task; it requires a knowledge of the dark side of the world and a self-denial which women happily seldom attain; and hence it is that the large share they have taken of late in the distribution of public and private charities has without doubt been one of the main causes of the vast increase of idleness, poverty, and their consequent vices, which cannot but be evident to every observer.

With the best intentions in the world, mingled, as all our best intentions are, with a little alloy of vanity and self-applause, Madam Vancour resolved to institute a school for the gratuitous education of the children of the neighbouring poor. Not that there

were any poor people in the neighbourhood that really required her charity in this respect; for riches and poverty were not at that early period so disproportionately distributed as they are at present. But still, though all were able by industry and economy to afford their children such instruction as was necessary to their modes of life (and all beyond is not only superfluous, but pernicious), still this new-born desire to do good whispered Madam Vancour that it would be very charitable to relieve these people of the burden of educating their own offspring. Accordingly she set about it with enthusiasm; and her first step was to convince these worthy folks, who had hitherto managed to get on very well, that it was a great hardship for them to be obliged to deprive themselves of certain of the little luxuries of life to pay for the schooling of their children.

"Vat! mine own lawfully-pegotten shildren?" exclaimed old Van Bombeler, who got his living-by making flag-bottomed chairs; "why, who den should pay for dere schooling, if not me? Ain't I dere fader?"

But Madam Vancour soon brought Van Bombeler to reason, by showing how he could buy six quarts of pure Jamaica rum, and as many pounds of sugar, besides a new gown for Mrs. Van Bombeler, with the money it cost him for the schooling of his three children. "Duyvel!" quoth Van Bombeler, "why, I never tought of dat before!" So he consented to madame's desirable proposal. In this manner the good lady—for good she certainly was in the abstract, though I fear not practically so in this instance—in this manner did she persuade the good people her neighbours to relinquish the honest, nay, proud gratification of educating their own children

by the sweat of their own brows. There was one, and only one, sturdy Dutchman who rejected her benevolence, and insisted, nay, swore, that nobody should put their charity upon him. "I'll work my fingers to de bone; and den, if I can't send dem to school, what's de reason, I should like to know, if dey can't pay for dere own schooling when dey grow pig enough?" But madame had her revenge—she took away his trade of whisk-brooms, by setting up another man in the business; who, as he lived in one of Colonel Vancour's small houses and paid no rent, ruined the other by underselling him. By this means the obstinate fool was brought to reason; and finally his poverty if not his will consented to have his children educated upon charity.

But these difficulties in procuring objects for the exercise of her new-born virtue soon vanished. Custom by degrees reconciled the good people to the degradation of depending on charity for what they could procure by their own labour; the numerous examples which in good time presented themselves; the countenance of madame, to whom they all looked up with respectful deference; and above all the means of self-gratification which this diversion of the fruits of their labour produced; all tended to consummate this salutary revolution of opinion. It was surprising to see, in the course of a little while, how anxious everybody was to get rid of the burden of educating their children; and with what singular satisfaction Master Van Bombeler boasted that he could now afford to drink twice as much as he did before this blessed invention of charity. In a little time a great improvement was observed at the Flats; the children all looked up to Madam Vancour instead of their ignorant parents; and the parents

began to wear clothes of a better fashion ; to spend a little more time abroad and a little less at home ; to take a great interest in all matters that did not concern them ; and to elevate their noses much higher in the scale of creation—now that they began to see into the natural and indefeasible claim which everybody's children had to be educated by anybody, just as it pleased God. But the most salutary consequence was, that the parents began gradually to take less interest in their children, conceiving them to belong altogether to society ; and, by in a great degree leaving them to the care of others, happily relieved them from the contagion of their bad example.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pliny the younger.

MADAME VANCOUR was extremely fortunate in procuring a most efficient auxiliary in the consummation of this her good work, in the person of Master Pliny Coffin (the sixteenth), whilom of Nantucket island. Pliny was the youngest of nine sons and an unaccountable number of daughters, born unto Captain Pliny Coffin (the fifteenth), a most indefatigable and industrious man by day and by night. Being called after his uncle, Deacon Pliny Mayhew (the tenth), he was patronised by that worthy "Spermaceti candle of the church," as he was called, and sent to school at an early age, with a view to following in the footsteps of his uncle. But Pliny the younger had a natural and irresistible vocation to salt water, inasmuch that at the age of eighteen months, or thereabouts, being left to amuse himself under the only tree in Nantucket, which grew in front of Captain Coffin's (the fifteenth) house, he crawled incontinently down to the seaside, and was found disporting himself in the surf like unto a young gosling. In like manner did Pliny the younger, at a very early age, display a vehement predilection for great whales, to the which he was most probably incited by the stories of his father, Pliny the elder, who had been a mighty whaler in his day. When about three years old, a whale was driven ashore

at Nantucket in a storm, where he perished, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to claim a share of his spoil. On the morning of that memorable day, which is still recorded in the annals of Nantucket, Pliny the younger was missing, and great search being made for him, he was not to be found in the whole island ; to the grief of his mother, who was a very stout woman, and had killed three Indians with her own fair hand. As the people were gathered about the body of the whale, discussing the mysterious disappearance of the child, what was their astonishment to behold him coming forth from the stomach of the great fish, laughing right merrily at the prank he had played !

But the truth must be confessed ; he took his learning after the manner that people take physic, more especially doctors, with many wry faces and much tribulation of spirit. In fact he never learned his lesson in his whole life, until arriving at his fifth year, by good fortune a primer was put into his hand wherein was the picture of a whale, with the which he was so utterly delighted that he learned the whole two lines under it in the course of the day. The teacher aptly took the hint, and by means of pasting the likeness of a whale at the head of his lessons, carried him mightily along in the career of knowledge. In process of time he came to be of the order of deacons, and was appointed to preach his first sermon, whereby a great calamity befell him, which drove him forth a wanderer on the vast continent of the universe. Unfortunately the meeting-house where he was to make his first essay stood in full view of the sea, which could be distinctly seen from the pulpit ; and just as Pliny the younger had divided his text into sixteen parts, behold ! a mighty

ship appeared, with a white bone in her teeth, plowing her way towards the island with clouds of canvass swelling in the wind. Whereupon the conviction came across his mind that this must be the good ship Albatross, returning from a whaling voyage in the great South Sea; and, sad to relate, his boyish instincts got the better of his better self. Delirious with eager curiosity, he rushed from the pulpit, and ran violently down to the seaside like one possessed, leaving deacon Mayhew and the rest of the congregation, as it were, howling in the wilderness. The deacon was wroth, and forthwith disinherited him. The people said he was possessed of a devil, and talked of putting him to the ordeal; whereupon the unfortunate youth exiled himself from the land of his nativity, and went to seek his fortune among the heathen, who had steeples to their churches, and dealt in the abomination of white sleeves. Of his wanderings, and of the accidents of his pilgrimage I know nothing, until his pilgrimage directed him to the Flats, where there were neither whales nor whaling ships, to lead him into temptation.

As one of the contemplated improvements of Madam Vancour, was the introduction of the English language among her pupils, instead of the heathenish Dutch dialect, she eagerly seized the first offer of Pliny, and engaged him forthwith to take charge of her seminary. In this situation he was found by Catalina, who, as we have before stated, in the desolation of her spirit, resolved to attempt the relief of her depression by entering upon the difficult task of being useful to others. She accordingly occasionally associated herself with Master Pliny in the labours of his mission, greatly to the consolation of his inward man. He took great pains to initiate

her into the mysteries of his new philosophical, practical, elementary, and scientific system of education, on which he prided himself exceedingly, and with justice, for it hath been lately revised and administered among us with singular success, by divers ungenerous pedagogues, who have not had the conscience to acknowledge whence it was derived.

As Newton took the hint of the theory of gravitation from seeing an apple fall to the ground, and as the illustrious Marquis of Worcester stole the first idea of the application of steam by seeing the risings and sinkings of a pot-lid, so did Master Pliny model and graduate his whole system of education from the incident of the whale in the primer. Remembering with what eagerness he had himself been attracted towards learning by a picture, he resolved to make pictures the great means of drawing forth what he called the "latent energies of the infant genius, spurring on the march of intellect, and accelerating the developement of mind." But as pictures were scarce articles in those times, he devoted one day in the week, in which he sallied forth with all his scholars, to collect materials for their studies; that is, to gather acorns, pebbles, leaves, briars, bugs, ants, caterpillars, and what not. When he wanted an urchin to spell "Bug," he placed one of these new professors of the art right above the word, and mighty was his exultation at seeing how the child was assisted in cementing B-U-G together, by the bug. In this way he taught every thing by sensible objects, boasting at the same time of the originality of his method, little suspecting that he had only got hold of the fag end of Chinese emblems and Egyptian hieroglyphics. But pride will have a fall. One day, at Catalina's suggestion,

master Pliny put his scholars to the test by setting them to spell without the aid of sensible objects, and by the mere instrumentality of the letters. They made sad work of it; hardly one could spell bug without the presence of the insect to prompt them. They had become so accustomed to the assistance of the *thing*, that they paid little or no attention to the letters which represented it; and Catalina ventured to hint to master Pliny, that the children had learned little or nothing. They knew what was a bug before, and that seemed to be the extent of their knowledge now. "Yea," answered he, "but it makes the acquisition of learning so easy."

"To the teacher, certainly," replied the young lady. In fact, when she came to analyze the improvements in master Pliny's system, she found that they all tended to one point, namely, diminishing, not the labour of the scholar in learning, but of the master in teaching. I forbear to touch on all the other various plans of master Pliny for accelerating the march of mind. Suffice it to say, they were all one after another abandoned, being found desperately out at the elbows when subjected to the test of wear and tear. They have, however, since been revived with wonderful success by divers illustrious and philosophical pedagogues abroad and at home, who have brought the system to such perfection, that they have not the least trouble in teaching, nor the children any thing but downright pleasure in learning. Happy age! and happy Pliny, had he lived to this day to behold the lamp which he lighted shining over the whole universe. He, however, abandoned his system at the instance of a silly girl, and soon after deserted the Flats; the same cause being at the bottom of both—a woman.

The evil spirit which possessed master Pliny to run out of the pulpit now prompted him to run his head into the fire. Pliny was a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed, fresh-looking man, sorely admired by the Dutch damsels thereabout, and still more by a certain person who shall be nameless. He thought himself an Adonis ; and he thought to himself that no young lady in her senses would turn schoolmistress voluntarily, and without some powerful incitement. The said demon whispered that this incitement could be nothing but admiration of his person, and love for his company. Upon this hint he first began to ogle the young lady ; then to take every opportunity to touch her hand, or press against her elbow, until she could not but notice the peculiarity of his conduct. Finally, he wrote her a love-epistle, of such transcendent phraseology that it frightened Catalina out of school for ever. She did not wish to injure the simple fellow, and took this method of letting him know his fate. Poor Pliny the younger pined in thought, and soon after took his departure for the land of his nativity, where, when he arrived, he was kindly forgiven by his uncle, the deacon, and received into the bosom of the meeting-house. Here he preached powerfully many years, never ran after whale ships more, and in good time, by the death of his father, came to be called Pliny the elder.

CHAPTER XXII.

Letters without Answers.

THUS our unfortunate heroine was destined to lose all her admirers one by one. In the mean time, during the progress of those events, a correspondence on public affairs had been carried on between Sir William Johnson and Colonel Vancour, in which the former had taken occasion to mention the conduct of Sybrandt in terms of high approbation. He spoke of him as a youth of uncommon talents and intrepidity, in whose future welfare he took the deepest interest. The officers, too, who occasionally stopped at the mansion-house in their journeys from the frontier to New-York, all united in bearing testimony to his gallantry and enterprise; and, to crown all, the despatches of the general to his government at home made honourable mention of our hero. Catalina was not ignorant of all this, nor could she help feeling a proud gratification, that the man to whom she had given her heart was worthy of the gift. "But he is lost to me—he is wounded—perhaps dying; and he does not think it worth while to write or send to us."

But in this she did our hero injustice. He lay a long time lingering between life and death; but at length the vigour of youth, strengthened by his hopes of the future, got the better of the low fever

which had succeeded his wounds and exposures, and he began gradually, but slowly, to recover. As soon as his strength would permit, he wrote to Catalina, informing her of his explanation with Gilfilan; apologizing for his unfounded jealousy, his rash departure from New-York, and throwing himself on her generosity for pardon. It happened at this time there was no opportunity to send the letter by a public express, nor had Sybrandt patience to wait for one. In casting about for a messenger, he recollected a half Indian, a sort of loungee and hanger-on about the fort, who performed all sorts of menial offices for rum, and was, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, a vagabond. Still he had the reputation of courage, sagacity, and fidelity in the performance of his engagements; and our hero determined to employ him as the messenger of Dan Cupid, who most probably was never served by such a valet before. He had in times past been accustomed to forage about the Flats, where he was well known, and where Sybrandt became acquainted with him.

He accordingly intrusted him with his letter, together with two others, one for the good Dennis, the other for Colonel Vancour, the contents of which the reader may imagine for himself if he pleases. He was also imprudent enough to furnish the fellow with money to bear his expenses, instead of giving him a knapsack and provisions; and thus he despatched him, with many injunctions to proceed without delay, deliver his letters, wait an answer, and then return as soon as possible. This trusty blade, instead of following these directions, took the first opportunity of his arrival at Albany to get exceedingly *corned*, as the phrase now is, and so con-

tinued until all his money was spent. As a matter of necessity, he then became sober; but his letters were gone—he had lost or destroyed them, or they had been taken from him; he could not tell how or when.

The trusty messenger then deliberated what was proper and safe to be done. To go to the Flats without his credentials was out of the question; and to return to Fort George for a new set of instructions would be a vast accession of trouble, without any accession of pay. Nay, he might possibly get a broken head for his pains. This compendium of the virtues of the red and the white rose had an equal antipathy to having his head broken and to the volunteering of additional trouble without additional pay. The result of his cogitations was a resolution to put the best face on the matter, make up a good story, and return forthwith to his employer. He accordingly entered the presence of Sybrandt with an intrepidity of face and manner that would have done honour to the most practised diplomatist.

"Have you brought any letters?" asked our hero, eagerly, as he raised himself from the bed, where he still spent some hours of every day.

"No, sir; I no bring any ting!"

"Did you see the young lady?" said our hero, faintly.

"Yes, sir; I see her, and give her the letter."

"And did she read it?"

"O, yes; she read it, and say very nice letter—and then she laugh."

"Laugh!" thought poor Sybrandt; and his heart sank within him; "but she gave you something in return?"

"Yes, sir; she gib me a guinea, and tell me go

back agin as fast as I came—de letter no want answer."

"Did she look pale? was she thin?" asked he, after a dead pause of agonized feeling.

"O Lord, sir! no; her cheeks red as berries, and she merry as a cricket: she laugh very much when I tell her you sick a-bed."

Sybrandt groaned an echo to the laugh of his unfeeling mistress. It was some minutes before he could rally his spirits to ask any more questions.

"Did you see the colonel and Madam Vancour?"

"O yes, sir; colonel very good—give me a dram, and say he 'spose Major Sybran dead by dis time."

"And he, too, laughed, I suppose?" said Sybrandt, in bitterness of spirit.

"No, he no laugh out loud like young madam—he only smile a leetle—so"—and the rascal just showed his ivory teeth.

Sybrandt found himself sicker and sicker at the heart, with every word he heard.

"And what did Madam Vancour say when you told her my situation?" resumed he, at length.

"She tell me—no more than Master Sybran deserve."

"Worse and worse!"—thought poor Master Sybrandt—"the draught becomes bitterer and bitterer: well, let me drink it to the bottom, to the dregs"—and he called anger and indignation to come and be his supporters.

"And what said my other uncle, Mr. Dennis Vancour?"

"What—old gentleman lives on the hill? O, he say he 'spose Master Sybran be dead 'fore he letter get at him, and tell me no occasion to write."

Sybrandt (as soon as he could muster strength and

heart to do it) proceeded to question the mischievous mongrel closely and strictly as to the truth of his tale, which seemed to be at war with all he knew of his mistress and his uncles. But the fellow was armed at all points, and answered with such consummate cunning, that at length our hero was compelled to believe that Catalina had made such a representation of his conduct to her family on her return as had for ever alienated him from their confidence and affection.

"Very well," said he, after going rapidly through these reflections, and arriving at this consoling result—"very well—there—now go"—and he gave him money for having performed his duty so speedily and well.

"I will trouble *her* no more ; I will trouble *them* no more," said he, as he laid himself down on his bed, with a hope that he might never rise from it again. There was every appearance this hope would soon be realized ; for the result of this journey co-operating with his weak and nervous state of mind and body, seemed now on the point of extinguishing in a few days, perhaps a few hours, the last spark of life in his aching heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The last sleep of a good man.

NOT many days after the events recorded in our last chapter, a young officer stopped at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Vancour, on his way from Fort George to New-York. It was in the dusk of the evening, and he was of course invited to stay all night. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the war, the prospect of peace, and the situation of matters on the frontier. Catalina was sitting at an open window, leaning her white cheek on her still whiter hand, listening in breathless silence, to hear perhaps the name of him who occupied so large a portion of her thoughts.

"Has any thing particular occurred at Fort George?" asked the colonel.

"Nothing, I believe," replied the officer; "at least, I heard nothing: I however only stopped there a few minutes, on my way from the foot of the lake, where I had been stationed for some time."

"Did you happen to hear any thing of Colonel Westbrook?" asked the other in a low tone; but his daughter overheard him, and her heart beat quicker in her bosom.

"Westbrook! Westbrook!—Why, now I think of it—I did hear something of that gallant and lamented officer—he died the day"—

"Hush! for heaven's sake!" whispered the

colonel. But the caution came too late. The words of the officer had met the ear of Catalina, and thence passed like daggers to her heart, and stilled its beatings for a few minutes. She did not faint—she did not shriek, or scream, or wring her hands—but she sat like a statue of pure white marble carved by some famous artist to represent the silence of unutterable grief. Her mother was watching, and came and sat beside her daughter, who leaned on her bosom, and said not one word. In the course of a quarter of an hour she recovered sufficiently to beg Madam Vancour to go up stairs with her, and they left the room together.

After her departure the colonel proceeded with his inquiries.

“You were saying, sir, that you understood Colonel Westbrook was dead. When I inform you that he is a near relation, and an object of great interest to my family, I hope you will excuse me for requesting you to be particular in relating the circumstances of his death.”

“I am sorry,” replied the young officer, “that I cannot comply with your wishes. As I mentioned before, I stopped but a few minutes at the Fort to receive despatches, and while sitting with the general, who was preparing them, the servant of Colonel Westbrook came running in to say his master had just expired. The general expressed great regret, and I, having received the despatches, came away without hearing any thing further on the subject.”

Catalina did not rise with the sun as usual the next day, though it was one of the loveliest of all the lovely progeny of Summer. She attempted it, for she was not one of those who yield the vic-

tory to grief or sickness without a sore struggle. When she saw the beams of the morning sun shining against the wall, and heard the birds calling her at the window, she attempted to rise, but her head became so dizzy she was obliged to let it fall again quietly upon the pillow. The old lady became alarmed; and all thoughts of being mother to a real titled lady vanished before the fears of maternal tenderness.

Accordingly she determined, as people frequently do when it is rather too late, to perform an act of unparalleled magnanimity; an act which merits being commemorated in brass and marble: in short, she determined to desert the opposition, and go over to her husband. Accordingly, she went to the colonel, and frankly proposed to write to Sybrandt a full explanation of Catalina's conduct and present feelings, and invite him home.

"What! now that he is dead!" said the good man, with tears in his eyes.

"That's true; I declare I forgot it," replied the dame; "what shall we do?"

"Submit to the will of Heaven."

"Well, I declare it's very provoking though."

"What! to submit to the will of Heaven?"

"No, my dear; that he should die just at this time."

"Such provoking accidents often happen in this world. You and I have lived long enough to see the hopes of youth wither in the blossom, the fruits of manhood's toils and cares mildewed before they were ripe. There is nothing certain in this world but death: why, then, should we be surprised that he died in the prime of his days? It is not half so strange as that you and I have lived to be old."

This was rather an ungallant speech, since age has ever been considered in polite society a reproach to a lady, and any allusion to it an offence to good-breeding. But the good madam forgave, or did not notice it. She was thinking of something nearer her heart than compliments. Was she not a remarkable woman?

"But perhaps, after all," said madam, "the report of his death may be a mistake of the servant. He may only have fallen into that state between life and death, which marks the crisis of a slow fever."

"Such reports generally turn out to be true. But I will see if I can gather any further information on the subject."

He ordered his horse, and rode to Albany, for the purpose of making inquiries. The commanding officer at Albany had received letters by the hands of the young gentleman who had brought the news of Sybrandt's death, at the foot of one of which was this short postscript:—

"Colonel Westbrook is just dead!"

The old gentleman returned, with a heavy heart, to the mansion of his fathers, and communicated this confirmation to his wife. They debated whether to disclose the whole at once to their daughter.

"It is best she should know it all, since she must know it soon," said the colonel; "go thou and tell her—I cannot." He walked forth into the fields, now glorious in all the panoply of summer. But he viewed them through the spectacles of sorrow, and the sunny landscape seemed all bathed in tears.

It was now Catalina's turn to be sick. She heard the confirmation of the death of poor Sybrandt; and the loss of her lover was imbibed by the consciousness that she was a principal accomplice.

She it was that had driven him from his home, to the wars in which he had perished. But for her foolish vanity, her capricious inconsistencies, he might have been still living—and living for her. The thought was bitterness itself. But she rallied her pride, her piety, her strength of mind, her duty to her parents, and they conquered at last. Yet the victory was hardly won; though the mind sustained itself nobly, its associate and fellow-labourer, the body, sunk under the conflict. Months passed away before she could sit up and contemplate the calm and tender aspect of nature, now fast putting on the many-coloured vesture of the waning year.

Nor was she the only sufferer. The good Dennis—the early friend, the father of our hero in all acts of fatherly affection—who had smoked his pipe almost threescore years in quiet in the same old arm-chair—heard the news of Sybrandt's death without any outward symptoms of sorrow or despair. He possessed no great store of sensibility, but a slight shock will shake down an old building. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe deliberately against his thumb-nail, and that evening, and the next, and the next morning, noon, and night, when it was brought to him he put it aside without uttering a word.

“Massa in a terrible bad way,” said his old dusky valet, who had been his playmate in youth, his faithful, humble friend through life; “massa in a terrible bad way when he no smoke he pipe.”


The old man reasoned philosophically, or at least he came to the right conclusion, which the vulgar generally do by a sort of short-hand cut of their own. It is astonishing, as it is mortifying to the pride of human learning, to see how many, how

very many of the discoveries of philosophers have been anticipated by the homely experience of the unlearned of this world. They may not perhaps know the reason, but they know the thing is so, and this answers their purpose quite as well.

The old *natural* philosopher was right. There is no surer indication of a wounded spirit or diseased body than the disrelish of a long-cherished habit. It smells of mortality. The quiet resignation with which the good Dennis received the first shock, gave place in a day or two to a degree of restlessness and impatience entirely at war with his usual deportment. It seemed as if his mind was disturbed by conflicting feelings of some kind or other, for he frequently shut himself up in his little private room, where he kept his papers, and where he was sometimes found when called to his meals, leaning on his elbows on a table with papers before him. When thus disturbed, he would appear rather pleased than otherwise, as though he had been relieved from some unpleasant struggle or uncertainty. On the fourth day after receiving the news of Sybrandt's death, he was found sitting in his arm-chair, dead. He had died without pain, for his face had all the placid quiet of a sweet sleep, and he sat upright as when alive.

"Ah! poor massa!" exclaimed the old man of colour; "he smoke him last pipe now!" and nature squeezed some honest tears from his dry and withered sympathies.

Dennis Vancour was a good man. He never—for it was not the fashion at that time—he never was secretary, or, what is still better, treasurer to a society for expending the hard gains of honest industry, in the encouragement of idleness and unthrift. He never went about begging of others what he was able



to bestow himself; nor did he spend his time in the mischievous occupation of doing good to his fellow-creatures, the poor, by teaching them as the wise and benevolent Franklin has it, "that there are other means of support besides industry and economy."

But these sins of omission were more than balanced by rare and valuable virtues. He never belied, or cheated, or overreached a human being; he never denied his good offices or good report to the deserving, nor inquired before he bestowed them, whether they were given to a member of his favourite society or his favourite religion. He walked quietly on his way without jostling a living soul with his elbow, or interfering with his concerns unless desired to do so; and within the circle where alone ordinary men can be useful in their exertions or their beneficence—the circle of his friends and neighbours—he diffused all his life a benign yet temperate influence, which caused every one that knew him to love him while living, and cherish his memory after he was gone. When he died, he left what he had received from his father to his nearest natural heirs, nor did he insult Heaven by robbing his kindred to commute for his own transgressions.

The day but one after the decease of the good man, on whose memory I confess I delight to dwell, the bell of the little octagon stone church at the Flats gave melancholy warning that the body of some heir of immortality was about to be consigned to that narrow house wherein no air can blow. There is to my mind and to my early recollections something exquisitely touching in the tolling of a church-bell amid the silence of the country. It communicates for miles around the message of mortality. The ploughman stops his horses to listen to the solemn

tidings ; the housewife remits her domestic occupations, and sits with needle idle in her fingers, to ponder who it is that is going to the long home ; and even the little thoughtless children, playing and laughing their way from school, are arrested for a moment in their evening gambols by these sounds of melancholy import, and cover their heads when they go to rest.

In a little while was seen a long procession of various rustic carriages, followed by people on foot and on horseback, of both sexes, and of all ages, slowly emerging from the court of the house whence the soul of the good man had ascended to its reward, and proceeding to the place appointed for all living. The simple ceremony was soon over. A prayer was uttered, a hymn was sung, many an honest tear mixed with the earth thrown into the grave, as the nearest and dearest hung anxiously over it ; and the remains of the good Dennis reposed in peace between the grave-stones of his honoured parents.

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN," said an old patriarch of almost a hundred years, and the testimony was vouched by the hearts of all present. Does any one wish a nobler epitaph ? If he does, let him go and take his choice of the legends engraven on the mouldering monuments of human vanity,—no part of which is true perchance but the veritable *Hic jacet*.

Had he lived a little while longer, he would not perhaps have been wiser, but he would have learned something, as the advertisements in the newspapers say, "greatly to his advantage." But who would wish to rob him of an end so quiet, so resigned, so blessed, that he might learn the truth, and endure possibly a few years of infirmity and suffering ; live

as some men live, to nurse the waning lamp of life by day and night, anxious and shivering lest every breath of air should blow it out ; live in the perpetual fear of what must soon inevitably come, die without hope, and rot in the polluted atmosphere of a dishonoured name. Who would wish so unkind a wish ? Not I ; for to my mind that man is most to be envied who is beyond the reach of calumny, and debarred by death from perhaps committing suicide on his own fame.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Ghost!

HOWEVER people may grieve for the decease of a relative, they seldom neglect opening his will the first decent opportunity. Such is the curiosity of mankind! This ceremony accordingly took place the day after the funeral of Mr. Dennis Vancour. That worthy gentleman, it would seem, on hearing of the death of his nephew, had altered the disposition of his property, and substituted Catalina his sole heiress, in the room of Sybrandt Westbrook. The change occasioned no surprise to the elders of the family, and certainly no pleasure to the young lady. She would have restored it to her cousin with her whole heart, and something else besides, had he not been beyond the reach of her generosity. As it was, the bequest was rather painful than otherwise, for it seemed almost like a robbery of the dead.

The colonel one day thought he would write to the commanding officer at Fort George, to request of him the particulars of the death of his nephew, as well as to inquire as to the disposition of his effects. He did so; but it was a considerable time before an opportunity occurred of sending the letter through the wilderness. In the mean time nothing particularly worthy of note took place in the family. Catalina gradually recovered a degree of composure becoming the dignity and strength of her

character, and returned to her usual occupations and amusements. But the worm was in the bud, and the blush on her cheek was neither that of health or hilarity. Time passed on slowly and heavily, without bringing with it either present pleasure or inspiring anticipations.

It was now the brown and gloomy month of November, when neither verdure is seen in the forest nor music heard in the fields, except that of the howling winds. A man on horseback, followed by a servant with a portmanteau, was seen to ride up to the door of the habitation once tenanted by Dennis Vancour, but now intrusted to the care of his servants, consisting of the venerable old negro heretofore noticed, and his wife equally aged, with some half a dozen of their ebony grandchildren. It was the dusk of the evening, and they were all gathered round a rousing fire in the kitchen; for, be it known to all who know it not already, that the two animals in the world most devoted to heat and sunshine are the black snake and the gentleman of colour—by the which association I mean no sort of disrespect to the latter.

The horseman dismounted, so did his servant, and both proceeded to enter the premises with as little ceremony as if they were at home, or, if not at home, at some place where they might expect an equal welcome. Not one of the trusty guardians of the house heard or saw these intruders; for as soon as the ebony race get thoroughly warmed through, the next thing is to fall fast asleep, as a matter of course. The stranger knocked with the butt-end of his whip; no one came. He then proceeded to manœuvre the great gaping brazen lion that guarded this enchanted castle—anglice, the knocker—which, I am bound to

say, had lost none of its brightness. The sound was heard across the river, but it awaked not the family of the ebonies; they belonged to the race of the seven sleepers. The stranger became impatient, nay, anxious, at the air of silence and desertion about the house. He paced the piazza back and forth some half a dozen times, and then proceeded round the end of the house to the kitchen in the rear, and looked through the windows, where he saw the sleeping beauties.

The sight seemed to animate him, for he went and briskly lifted the latch, and entered the region sacred to the stomach. No one stirred, and no sound was heard save a sonorous concord of harmony, in which each of the company bore a part. The stranger advanced, and shook the shoulder of the patriarch of the tuneful tribe. He might as well have shaken the body of the good man of the house, who died some two months before. He sat immoveable, like one of the goodly company that was petrified into black marble, in the story of the fisherman and the genii. The stranger then hallooed in his ear, but that was asleep too. "Blockhead!" quoth the stranger, muttering to himself, and seizing a basin or bowl, I think it was a wooden bowl, of water, he very unceremoniously dashed it into the face of the exemplary sleeper, and spoiled one of the finest naps on record.

"Bo-o-o-o!" exclaimed old ebony, as he started up, amazed and indignant at this inundation. He wiped his eyes, probably for the purpose of seeing the clearer, and took a look at the stranger, which look was followed by immediate prostration, accompanied by a yell of such singular originality that I shall not attempt to describe it. The reader may,

however, form some judgment of its powers, when I inform him that it actually awakened the rest of the sleepers, and dissolved the enchantment of the black islands. The moment they laid their eyes upon the stranger, the cry of "a spook! a spook!" was repeated with extraordinary energy, and followed by the dispersion of the whole tribe different ways, with the exception of the patriarch, who still lay on his face, kicking and roaring manfully.

Return we now to the mansion-house of Colonel Vancour, in the well-warmed parlour of which was collected the usual family-party. The colonel was reading; madam, would I could disguise the fact, but a scrupulous regard to accuracy forbids—madam was knitting a pair of stockings for a poor woman who at that precise moment was frolicking at a neighbouring tavern; Ariel was, as usual at this hour of the evening, fast asleep, and musical as ever. He did not, like Rachel Baker, preach in his naps, but he could drown the voice of a preacher any day. Catalina, poor Catalina, was at the window; whence, by the waning light, she could see and sympathize with the desolation of nature.

At this moment one of the dark ministering spirits of the neighbouring mansion rushed into the room unannounced, and saluted the good company with the cry of—

"A spook! a spook! massa Sybrandt's spook!"

"Hey! what's that you say about Sybrandt, you little black sinner?" exclaimed Ariel, waking up, which he did always exactly as he went to sleep, extempore.

"O massa Sybrandt's spook come home agin!"—

"I'll spook you, you little black imp of mischief," quoth Ariel, seizing the cushion from his chair, and

launching it at his woolly head; "come here with such a cock-and-bull story as that; get out, you caterpillar!"

But the herald of darkness maintained his station and his story of the appearance of massa Sybrandt's spook, until the old people did not know what to make of it, and the young lady was in a tumult of conflicting emotions. It was impossible to get any thing more out of the creature than that the spook had appeared in a great shower of rain, and knocked granddaddy flat on his face upon the floor.

"Let us walk over, and inquire into the business," said the colonel, helping himself to his hat and stick; "perhaps something is really the matter with the old man."

"Come on," quoth Ariel, seizing a gun which hung in the hall upon the stately antlers of a deer; "perhaps—d—n it—I don't know what to think of the matter."

"PERHAPS IT IS HE!" exclaimed Catalina, as a hope darted across her mind like the flash of a newly-lighted taper.

The two gentlemen seemed to share in her hopes, and departed in great haste.

While this was passing, the stranger had by dint of shaking, and reasoning, and reproaching the old negro, at length brought him to a perception of the reality before him.

"And young massa no dead, after all—no spook—hey!" and the good soul almost wept for joy of his young master's return, as well as sorrow for his old master's departure. By degrees he became sufficiently collected to give Sybrandt an account of the events we have heretofore recorded. The death of his kind uncle affected him deeply, far more

deeply than the loss of his estate. He had disinherited him, it was true; but no doubt he had been convinced of his unworthiness by the representations of Catalina. There was gall and wormwood in this thought; and while he was chewing the bitter morsel, the colonel and Ariel entered without ceremony. The reception of Sybrandt was somewhat cool and stately—the deportment of the colonel, when the really joyful surprise of the moment was past, savoured of the recollection of his nephew's neglect of his daughter, of himself, and indeed all his nearest, dearest friends. Ariel was all joy, noise, and forgiveness.

"But why the plague did you not let us know you were alive?" said he, at length.

"I did not know you thought me dead," replied the youth.

"Thought?—we were sure of it. Do you suppose that Dennis would have dis—hem!—if he had not been certain of your death?"

"True," said the colonel; "the bequest was certainly made under that impression alone. It remains for me to remedy the consequences of this mistake."

"He did right," said Sybrandt; "he has left his fortune to her who best deserved it."

"D—n it, boy, you talk like a fool. To leave you a beggar—no—not a beggar—I can prevent that;" quoth Ariel.

"My dear uncle, I am no beggar; I have a sword and a commission, a heart and a hand."

"Spoke like a brave fellow. But I am very much mistaken if you don't have something besides a sword and a commission."

"I am content."

"But I am not," said the colonel; "there cannot be a doubt that my brother Dennis altered his bequest under the full conviction (which indeed was common to us all) that you were no more."

"I cannot conceive how such a report could have originated, or be believed, sir."

"I saw it in a postscript to a letter of the commander-in-chief."

"Indeed! then I do not wonder, sir, that you believed it."

"But to the point," resumed the colonel; "Catalina is of age; and she is no daughter of mine if she holds this bequest a moment longer than is necessary to divest herself of it. I pledge you my honour she will."

"And I pledge you mine, sir," said Sybrandt, somewhat bitterly, "that I would rather starve than accept one single atom of the land, or one penny of the gold. Thank God! I am not so mean as that!"

"It is justly yours."

"It never shall be mine."

"Indeed!" replied the colonel, rather offended; "may I ask why? perhaps the donor is not sufficiently valued to make the donation welcome?"

"Spare me on this subject, sir. I had rather not talk of it; nor is it necessary. To-morrow I shall return to the army. To-night—for one night—I will trespass on the hospitality of my cousin, and remain here, with her permission."

"You shall go home with me," said the colonel, with honest warmth, notwithstanding he felt the language and conduct of our hero was somewhat on the cavalier order; "you shall go home with me; my daugh—my wife, your aunt, will be glad to see you."

"You shall go home with me," cried Ariel; "but, now I think of it, I am going to sleep at the colonel's to-night, because I have got to superintend a hundred and fifty things there early in the morning."

Sybrandt declared his determination to remain where he was for the night.

"Well, then," said the colonel, advancing, and taking his hand, "promise me, on your honour, you will visit your aunt before you go away."

"Of course, sir—certainly—it was my intention. I owe too much to her kindness to forget both my respect and my duty: I hope she is well?"

"Quite well."

"And my cousin?" Sybrandt forced himself to ask.

"Why, well—at least better than she has been."

"What! has she been ill?"

"Very ill—just after we received the news—I mean about two months ago. Indeed she is hardly recovered; you will be surprised to see her look so pale—almost as pale as you are. But good-night—I can no longer delay making both mother and daughter happy with the news that one has recovered a nephew, the other an old friend. You will keep your word, and come to-morrow?"

"Assuredly, sir."—"Make them happy!" thought he, repeating the words of the colonel; "make them happy with the news that I am alive. Pshaw! they care not for me, none of them, or they would have answered my letters. But"—and a sudden idea crossed him—"but perhaps, as Sir William suggested, they never received them. It is possible; and to-morrow I will so far lower my pride as to put the question. It is but justice to old friends to give them an opportunity of disclaiming neglect or unkindness."

CHAPTER XXV.

The birth and parentage of a Rumour.

IN order to account for some portion of the preceding details, it will be necessary to go back to the period when the faithful half-breed did *not* carry the letters of our hero to the Flats, and of course returned without answers. This disappointment acting on the low state of our hero's spirits and exhausted frame produced an almost infantine weakness, and rendered him incapable of any kind of exertion for some time. Having one day, however, made more than ordinary efforts, and fatigued himself greatly, he fell into a fainting fit, which his servant mistook for death, and in his fright announced it as such to the general, in the presence of the young officer, as before related. The general was at that moment closing a letter to the commanding officer at Albany, and wrote the hasty postscript which Colonel Vancour saw.

That Sybrandt ever awakened from his swoon, was, in a great measure, owing to the persevering efforts of his friend Sir William, who happened to be coming to see him just at the moment, and whose long experience in administering to his subjects, the Indians, had made him no indifferent practitioner. He succeeded in restoring him at last, and the youth again opened his eyes to that world which at that moment he wished to shut out for ever. The campaign was now about to close. The tops of

the mountains began to be tipped with snow, the shores of the lake to be laced in the mornings with borders of ice, and the deep, dark brown forest, where nothing of verdure was to be seen but the solemn evergreen pines and hemlocks, announced the near approach of the long white winter of the north.

"You must go with me to Johnstown to recruit before you return home, as I suppose you mean to do, as soon as you are able. There will be nothing done here till the spring."

"I feel no wish to leave this place. I may as well die here as any where else."

"If you stay here you will certainly die of consumption. I don't like that hollow cough, it smells of mortality. Come, I will procure you leave of absence, a comfortable conveyance, and an excellent nurse, that is, myself. Nay, no scruples of love or honour. I say you shall go, or I will put you under arrest, and carry you in fetters. You would cut a pretty figure to go home to your mistress. She might lawfully break her faith on the score of your not being the same man."

"I have neither mistress nor home now," said the youth, in a voice of the deepest depression.

"What, again! at your old tricks again?" cried Sir William, holding up his finger in a threatening manner. "Are you committing suicide on your own hopes and happiness, as usual?"

"No, Sir William; the fault is not mine *now* at least, whatever it might have been formerly. I am an alien from my home, and an offcast of my mistress."

"Indeed! and by your own fault?"

"No, on my soul. I was deceived, and the mo-

ment I discovered my error, hastened to acknowledge and atone for it. But my letters were read with scorn on one hand, and unfeeling apathy on the other. I shall never return home again; at least, not till I have learned to forget and forgive."

"Tell me the particulars; remember you are talking to a friend, and that with me that name signifies the service of heart and hand."

Sybrandt then proceeded to relate what the reader already knows. The conduct of Catalina in New-York, his anger and jealousy, the story of the picture, the explanation of Gilfillan, and, finally, the mission of the half-breed to the Flats.

Sir William listened with kind attention, and at the conclusion mused for some time.

"Strange!" said he, at length. "The conduct of your mistress may be accounted for on the score of self-reproach, mixed with wounded pride and delicacy. But that Colonel Vancour, a man so kind-hearted and so just as I know him to be; and, above all, that your good uncle, father Dennis, who, you say, had treated you with such unvaried kindness from your youth upwards—that he should have made such an unfeeling speech is out of all reasonable calculation. I cannot account for it; unless, indeed, some one has belied you; and who could it be, except—. But that is out of the question. You are grossly deceived, and have deceived me, in the character of Miss Vancour, or it cannot possibly be her."

"I think it almost impossible. But she may have viewed my conduct in a different light from that in which I have represented it to you. The pride of the father may have been wounded, and his feelings may have reached my benefactor, over whom he had great influence."

Sir William mused again, then suddenly exclaimed,

"I have it!—I have it. My life on it, that scoundrel half-breed played you a trick. He never delivered your letters. Where is he? Let him be brought before me. I warrant I trip him in crossing his track, as these fellows say."

"I know not. He wandered away somewhere not long after I employed him in this business."

"I dare say,—no doubt—no doubt—the rascal was fearful of being detected. But we shall find out the truth before long. Have you not written since?"

"Why should I?"

"True, but you shall write instantly; at least, the very first opportunity. I am almost sure you have been cheated by that mongrel."

"I had rather not write again. To Catalina I shall certainly not write, nor to her father. Were my benefactor really my parent, I would beg his forgiveness, if I had offended him, until he granted it, or turned me for ever from his door. But it seems to me it would be meanness to crawl on my knees to solicit—what? his charity. I cannot do it."

"You are a proud genius," said Sir William, shaking his head; "but I like a little pride; it often saves man, and woman too, from falling. I shall write myself then, when I get home, and an opportunity occurs. In the mean time, without an if or and, you are my prisoner. Be ready to accompany me to-morrow."

"I obey," said the other. "But nothing about prisoners—I go as a volunteer."

The next morning they were ready to depart, under the protection of an escort of Sir William's

Mohawks, some of whom by turns carried Sybrandt in a rude litter of boughs. There were no carriage-roads through the wilderness between Fort George and the capital of the knight's dominions, and Sybrandt was still too weak to walk or ride on horse-back any great distance. The Grand Canal was not yet dreamed of; and as for railroads, if the people of that age of non-improvement had heard the people of this would risk their necks in riding at the rate of sixty miles an hour, they would have taken it for granted they were riding to—whew!

The exercise of travelling, co-operating with the new-born hope which the suggestion of his friend Sir William had awakened, proved of great service to our hero, who arrived at the residence of that worthy knight far better than when he set out. He remained with him, occasionally hunting and shooting, and invigorating thus both mind and body, until both had in some degree recovered a healthful tone.

"As you seemed disinclined to write," said Sir William, one day, "I have done it for you. I shall send a person to Albany to-morrow. Here is the letter—read, and tell me how you like it. This is the next best thing I can think of, though my own opinion is, you had much better go yourself, and see and hear with your own eyes and ears. This is the way I always do, whenever it is practicable. Half the blunders and miseries of this world arise from sending instead of going."

Sybrandt had been gradually coming to the same conclusion, and frankly answered,

"Well, Sir William, since you will turn me out of doors, there is no help for it. I will go with your messenger to-morrow; though, on my soul, I had rather encounter another bush-fight."

"You are an odd fellow, Westbrook," said the other, smiling, "and seem afraid of nothing—but a woman." Accordingly all things were made ready for the morrow.

"Westbrook," said the knight, as they were taking leave, "don't forget to invite me to your wedding."

"Will you come?" asked Sybrandt, with a melancholy smile.

"It will be much that shall hinder me. Do you promise?"

"I do,—but you are far more likely to be invited to my funeral."

"Tut! I am no true prophet if you are a bachelor this day twelvemonth. Farewell. I would thou hadst been my son."

"Farewell. Would to heaven I had such a father."

Our hero proceeded slowly on his journey, passing the first night at Schenectady, the next at Albany, for he was in no haste to get to the end, where he anticipated but a renewal of his disappointments, regrets, and mortifications. He staid all day in his room at Albany, and was congratulated on being alive, by the few people that saw him. "Some scurvy jest," thought he, and never asked for an explanation. In the evening he left Albany, and arrived at the mansion of his deceased benefactor in the manner we have before described.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Our Hero receives back his uncle's estate with an encumbrance.

WHILE the reader has been travelling backwards like a crab, the pale and gentle Catalina had been let into the secret of the ghost story by her mother. At first she became paler than ever, and could hardly support herself on her chair. Then she turned red, and a rosy blush of hope and love abided on her cheek, where, for many a day, it had not abided before. "I will bestow it all on him again," thought she, and her full heart relieved itself in a shower of silent tears.

That night a thousand floating dreams of the past and the future flitted before her troubled mind, and as they reigned in turn, gave birth to different thoughts and determinations. But the prevailing thought was, that her cousin had treated her unjustly and unkindly, and that it became the dignity of her sex to maintain a defensive stateliness, a cold civility, until he had acknowledged his errors and begged forgiveness. She settled the matter by deciding, that when Sybrandt came the next day to take his leave, she would deliver him a deed for the estate of his uncle, which her father was to have prepared for her, insist on his acceptance, and then bid him adieu for ever without a sigh or a tear. In the morning she begged, that when Sybrandt came to call on her mother, she might be permitted to see him alone. Her request was acquiesced in, and she

waited in trembling anxiety his promised visit. He came soon after breakfast, and Madam Vancour was struck with the improvement a suit of military uniform, in place of a suit of master Ten Broeck's snuff-coloured cloth, produced. After a somewhat painful and awkward interview, Sybrandt forced himself to inquire after Catalina.

"She has had a long illness," said the mother, "and you will scarcely know her. But she wishes to see you."

"To see *me*?" cried Sybrandt, almost starting out of his skin.

"Ay—you—her old playmate and cousin. Is that so very extraordinary?" replied madame, smiling. "She is in the next room: go to her."

"Go—go—to her," stammered our hero; "sure, you cannot mean—"

"I mean just what I say, I assure you. She is waiting to see you in the next room. I hope you don't mean to keep her waiting much longer." And madame again smiled.

"What *can* this mean?" thought Sybrandt, while he crept towards the door with about the same eagerness a man feels who is just about to be hanged.

"I shall tell Catalina how anxious you were to see her."

"They must think I have no feeling—or they have no feeling themselves;" and the thought roused his native energies. He strutted into the next room as if he was leading his regiment to battle.

"Don't look so fierce, or you will frighten my daughter," said madame.

But Catalina was frightened almost out of her wits already. She was too much taken up in ral-

lying her own self-possession to observe how Sybrandt looked when he walked. He had indeed been some moments in the room before either could utter a single word. At length their eyes met, and the excessive paleness each observed in the countenance of the other went straight to the hearts of both.

"Dear cousin," said Sybrandt, "how ill you look." This was what is called rather a left-handed compliment. But Catalina was even with him, for she answered in his very words :

"Dear cousin, how ill *you* look."

Pride and affection were now struggling in the bosoms of the two young people. Sybrandt found his courage, like that of honest Bob Acres, "oozing out at the palms of his hands," in the shape of a cold perspiration ; but the pride of woman supported Catalina, who rallied soonest, and spoke as follows, at first in a faltering tone, but by degrees with modest firmness :

"Colonel Westbrook," said she, "I wished to see you on a subject which has occasioned me much pain : the bequest of your uncle and mine. I cannot accept it. It was made when we all thought you were no more ;" and she uttered this last part of the sentence with a plaintiveness that went to his heart. "She feels for me," thought he ; "but then she would not answer my letter." Catalina proceeded :

"I should hate myself, could I think for a moment of robbing you of what is yours—what I am sure my uncle intended should be yours, until he thought you dead." And the same plaintive tones again went to the heart of Sybrandt. "But she would not answer my letter," thought he, again.

"Sybrandt," continued she, "I sent for you, with the full approbation of my father and mother, to make over this bequest to you, to whom it belongs. I am of age; and here is the conveyance. I beseech you, as you value my peace of mind, to accept it with the same frankness it is offered."

"What, rob my cousin? No, Catalina, never."

"I feared it," said Catalina, with a sigh; "you do not respect me enough to accept even of justice at my hands."

"It would be meanness—it would be degradation; and since you charge me with a want of respect to you, I must be allowed to say that I am too proud to accept any thing, much less so great a gift as this, from one who did not think the almost death-bed contrition of a man who had discovered his error, and was anxious to atone for it, worthy of her notice."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed Catalina.

"The letter I sent you," replied he, proudly. "I never meant to complain or remonstrate; but you have forced me to justify myself."

"What letter, in the name of Heaven?"

"That which I wrote you the moment I was sufficiently recovered of my wounds—to say that I had had a full explanation with Colonel Gilfillan; to say that I had done you injustice; to confess my folly; to ask forgiveness; and—and to offer you every atonement which love or honour could require."

"And you wrote me such a letter?" asked Catalina, gasping for breath.

"I did—the messenger returned—he had seen you gay and happy; and he returned with a verbal message that my letter required no answer."

"And is this—is this the sole—the single cause of your subsequent conduct? Answer me, Sybrandt, as you are a man of honour—is it?"

"It is. I cannot—you know I never could bear contempt or scorn from man or woman."

"What would you say, what would you do, if I assured you solemnly I never saw that letter, or dreamed it was ever written?"

"I would say, that I believed you as I would the white-robed truth herself; and I would on my knees beg your forgiveness for twice doubting you."

"Then I do assure you, in the purity and singleness of my heart, that I never saw or knew aught of that letter."

"And did—did Gilfillan speak the truth," panted our hero.

She turned her life-begetting eye full upon the youth, and sighed forth in a whisper, "He did," while the crimson current revisited her pale cheek, and made her snow-white bosom blush rosy red.

"You are mine then, Catalina, at last," faltered Sybrandt, as he released her soft and yielding form from his arms.

"You will accept my uncle's bequest then?" asked she, with one of her long-absent smiles.

"Provided you add yourself, dearest girl."

"You must take it with that encumbrance," said she,—and he sealed the instrument of conveyance upon her warm, willing lips.

"What can they have to talk about all this time, I wonder?" cogitated the old lady, while she fidgeted about from her chair towards the door, and from the door to her chair. As she could distinguish the increasing animation of their voices she fidgeted still more; and there is no knowing what might have

been the consequence, if Catalina and Sybrandt had not entered the room looking so happy that the old lady thought the very d—l was in them both. The moment Sybrandt departed, Catalina explained all to her mother. "Alas!" thought the good woman; "she will never be a titled lady; yet who knows but Sybrandt may one day go to England and be knighted?" This happy thought reconciled her at once to the whole catastrophe, and she embraced her daughter, sincerely wishing her joy at the removal of all her perplexities.

"D—n it," said Ariel, "if I ever saw a more glorious wedding-supper in my life."

"Do you recollect my last words when we parted, Colonel Westbrook," said Sir William Johnson, their most honoured guest.

"I do, Sir William. You are a prophet, as well as a warrior and legislator."

"What did he say," whispered a little blushing damsel, dressed all in white, and beautiful as the most beautiful morning in June, who sat by the side of our hero,— "What did he say?"

"He said, in less than a twelvemonth I should be married to an angel."

"Take care it does not turn out like dreams, which, you know, go by contraries," said the aforementioned blushing damsel, whose eye looked exactly like love's firmament.

But the knight turned out a true prophet, even according to the gallant turn given to his prediction by our hero. Catalina approved herself an excellent wife, and a pattern of a mother; for she never let her husband find out she was not an angel, nor her children that she could be conquered by importunity. I grieve, however, to say, that the good

Madam Vancour never had the happiness to be mother to a real titled lady. One of Sybrandt's cousins however, came over in process of time a baronet, with bloody hand, and the old lady consoled herself, that, if not the mother, she was a near relation to a near relation of a man whose cousin could make his wife a lady. What was better than all this, the cousin was an elderly man, a bachelor, and Sybrandt was his heir-at-law.

"Who knows," thought Madam Vancour,— "who knows, but he may die single, and I live to see Catalina a lady at last." People who have any thing to expect from the death of others always calculate to outlive them. Madam was nearly twice the age of the man on whose demise she was speculating.

"Sybrandt," said Sir William, "I shall be obliged to depart to-morrow before you are up. Farewell! and happiness attend you this night, and every day, and every night. I have but one word to add—action, remember, action alone can secure the happiness of your future life, by making you useful and distinguished."

"But where is your moral, my good friend?" quoth one of my most devoted readers, an elderly lady, secretary, treasurer, directress, &c. &c. of fifty societies. "I can't find out your moral,"—wiping her specs.

"My dear madam, can't you see it through one of the glasses of your spectacles? The moral of my story is found in the last words; just as all the moral of the life of a rogue is gathered from his dying speech!"

"Action—pshaw! Remember, action! I wouldn't give a fig for such a moral—not I."

"Well then, my dear madam, if you don't like that, I will give you another. The moral of my story is a warning to all young and desperate lovers, never to go courting in a pair of snuff-coloured small-clothes, perpetrated by Master Goosee Ten Broeck."

"Pshaw! I'll never read another book of yours, that I am determined."

"Then, madam, you'll never be as wise as your grandmother."

THE END.



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